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ART. I.—*Letters written in a Mahratta Camp, during the Year 1809, descriptive of the Character, Manners, domestic Habits, and religious Ceremonies of the Mahrattas. With Ten coloured Engravings, from Drawings by a Native Artist. By Thomas Duer Broughton, Esq. late Commander of the Resident's Escort at the Court of Scindia. London: Murray, 1813, 4to. £2. 8s.*

WHOEVER wishes to see the interior of a Mahratta camp, may gratify his curiosity by the purchase of this work, without the expence and trouble of a voyage to the peninsula of India. We have perused the account which Mr. Broughton has given of the character, manners, domestic habits, and religious ceremonies of these military vagabonds, called Mahrattas, with no ordinary satisfaction. Mr. Broughton describes what occurred during his continuance amongst them with a clearness and vivacity, which interest the reader as he proceeds; and the narrative is of that simple unaffected kind which strongly impresses us with a conviction that there is no deviation from truth in the details. A propensity to exaggeration seems to form no feature in the character of the writer; and certainly is not in any way visible in his work.

The first letter is dated Kiruolee, Dec. 26, 1808; but we shall not stay to notice any of our author's details till we find him arrived at the camp of Scindia, or, as the name is spelt in the letters, Seend, hiya. In the third

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letter we have the following description of a Mahratta camp, which offers a striking contrast to an encampment after the European mode.

‘ On marching days, the *Beenee Wala*, or quarter-master general, moves off at an early hour; and upon reaching the ground where the army is to encamp, he plants a small white flag, to mark the spot where the tents of the *Muha Raj* (the title by which any Hindoo prince is commonly designated), are to be pitched; and which collectively are termed *Deooree*. The flags of the different Bazzars, or markets, are then fixed as they arrive; always in the same relative situation to each other, and generally in as straight a line as the ground will admit of. The shops called *Dokans*, are pitched in two lines running parallel to each other; and thus form one grand street from the front to the rear of the army. This street often extends from three to four miles; the *Deooree* being situated about three-fourths of the whole length from the front, having only the market called the *Chuoree Bazar* in its rear. The different chiefs encamp to the right and left of the principal street; generally, however, in the neighbourhood of some particular *Bazar*. Their respective encampments are made without the smallest attention to regularity, cleanliness, or convenience: men, horses, camels, and bullocks are all jumbled together in a mass; which mass is surrounded on all sides by others of a similar nature, in a continued series of comfortless confusion. This forms what is termed the *Bura Lushkur*, or main army; and is generally about as many hundred yards in breadth, that is from flank to flank, as it is miles in length from front to rear; thus exactly reversing the order of encampment which obtains in the disciplined armies of Europe. The shops, which compose the *Bazzars*, are mostly formed of blankets or coarse cloth stretched over a bamboo, or some other stick for a ridge pole, supported at either end by a forked stick fixed in the ground. These habitations are called *Pals*; and are of all sizes, from three to eight or nine feet high, and proportionally wide and long, according to the circumstances of the owner. Under these miserable coverings not only are the goods exposed for sale, but the family of the shopkeeper resides throughout the year, and for many years together. The wealthiest merchants of the *Bazzars* use these *Pals*; but the military men, and others attached to the camp, generally possess a dwelling of a somewhat more comfortable description, regularly made of two or three folds of cloth in thickness, closed at one end, and having a flap to keep out the wind and rain at the opposite one: these are dignified with the name of *Ruotees*, and come nearer to our ideas of a tent. The *Ruotees*, like the *Pals*, are of all descriptions and sizes; and most of the chiefs of the highest rank inhabit them. I do not believe that there

are, throughout the camp, ten tents fashioned like our European marquees, even including those of the Muha Raj himself.

The above account will sufficiently prove that the household gods are not much heeded amongst the Mahrattas. Indeed their desultory mode of life is very unpropitious to the growth or culture of the domestic charities. They are unacquainted with the fruition of a cheerful fire or a clean hearth; 'a snug room or the light of a candle.' In the cold weather, during which their sufferings seem to exceed those of the inhabitants of more northern climes, these pugnacious wanderers

'huddle round a miserable fire made of horse or cow dung, or dirty straw collected about their tents; and wrapping themselves up in a coarse blanket or cotton quilt, contrive with the aid of a pipe of bad tobacco, to while away a few hours in listless indolence.'

But others, who despise this sobriety of enjoyment, labour to destroy the vacant hours in sensual excesses of the most disgusting kind.

The great camp of the Mahrattas almost corrupts the air in the vicinity by the fetid exhalations from the carcases 'of horses, bullocks, and camels,' with other nuisances which no one takes the trouble to remove.

The vices of a semi-barbarous people are sometimes on a level with those of a more polished state of society. Thus, for instance, the most refined gambling is not merely confined to the purlieus of St. James's Street in London, or of the Palais-Royal at Paris; but it may be found in the highest perfection in the filthy camp of the Mahrattas. In the camp of these high-minded warriors there is a regularly organized corps called *Shohdas*, commanded by a chief named Fazil Khan, who, in addition to their other honourable functions, have the controul and superintendence of the gambling houses, where they are said to employ all the arts 'of accomplished villany to decoy and impose upon the unwary.'

Whilst our author is encamped near Soopoor, in the month of January, he mentions the weather as extremely cold; and speaks of his enjoying with as much relish as if he had been many degrees nearer to the pole, 'a bottle of old port' 'over a large chafing dish of live coals.'

Before the Mahrattas removed their camp from Soopoor to Kutolee, on the river Parbuttee, Mr. Broughton accompanied the acting resident to an audience of Scindia,

whom they found seated nearly in the centre of a small tent,

'On a large square cushion covered with gold brocade; his back supported by a round bolster, and his arms resting upon two flat cushions; all covered with the same costly material, and forming together a kind of throne, called a *musnud*, or *gud-dee*. He is turned of thirty; about five feet five inches in height; and inclined to be fat, but not largely made. His complexion is rather dark, and his features agreeable: but his whole appearance strongly indicates a debauchee; and, in so doing, does not, most certainly, belie him. He was dressed very plainly, in a purple turban, an old yellow silk robe, called *ilkalik*, and a faded lilac shawl thrown carelessly over his shoulders. He wore several strings of valuable pearls and uncut emeralds round his neck: of the former he is particularly vain; and even affects to be styled *Motee Wala*, or the "Man of Pearls." Some horse cloths were spread upon the floor to the right and left of the *guddec*, which on great occasions are exchanged for carpets; and on these were seated the *Surdars*, or chiefs, and others who had business to transact at the *Durbar*. It is contrary to etiquette for the *Muha Raj* to speak often himself; but when he does his voice is soft, and his address pleasing; indeed he is universally allowed to be naturally a mild and a good-natured man.'

Our author describes *Scindia*, in this and other parts of his work, as involved in great financial embarrassments, and as constantly in want of money to pay his troops. In the following we have a description of the curious process called *dhurna*, to which recourse is had in this part of the East, in order to compel the payment of a debt, or to extort money from those who are not willing to part with it except from imperious necessity.

'The man who sits the *dhurna*, goes to the house or tent of him whom he wishes to bring to terms; and remains there till the affair is settled; during which time the one under restraint is confined to his apartment, and not suffered to communicate with any persons but those whom the other may approve of. The laws by which the *dhurna* is regulated are as well defined and understood as those of any other custom whatever. When it is meant to be very strict, the claimant carries a number of his followers, who surround the tent, sometimes even the bed, of his adversary, and deprive him altogether of food: in which case, however, etiquette prescribes the same abstinence to himself: the strongest stomach of course carries the day. A custom of this kind was once so prevalent in the province and city of Benares, that Brahmuns were trained to remain a long time without food. They were then sent to the door of some

rich individual, where they made a vow to remain without eating till they should obtain a certain sum of money. To preserve the life of a Brahmun is so absolutely a duty, that the money was generally paid : but never till a good struggle had taken place to ascertain whether the man was staunch or not : for money is the life and soul of all Hindoos. In this camp there are many Brahmuns, who hire themselves out to sit *dhurna* for those who do not like to expose themselves to so great an inconvenience.

Scindia is said not to be much discomposed by the strictest *dhurna* which can be placed at his tents, unless, during its continuance, he should hear of a tiger being in the neighbourhood ; as the hunting of that animal is one of his favourite amusements.

Mr. Broughton describes an entertainment which a Mahratta chief gave to a party of Brahmuns at a feast called *Sunkrat*, when each of the holy guests was, according to custom, actually crammed till he could eat no more. We have a lively engraved representation of this saturating festival, where the Brahmuns appear to be giving very satisfactory proof of their gormandizing powers. The author remarks that the Brahmuns,

'after eating till they are ready to burst, will sometimes consent, at the earnest entreaty of their host, to cram down a little more ; receiving for each successive mouthful an increasing number of rupees, till nature revolts at the oppressive load ; and instances have not unfrequently occurred of this being repeated till the poor gorged wretch tempted by, perhaps, some hundred rupees, has forced another morsel into his mouth, and expired on the spot. In this case no kind of blame attaches to the feeder, while the fed goes straight to heaven, *ex officio*.'

The whole labour of grinding the corn in a Mahratta camp is assigned to the fair sex. The process is performed by a mill of very simple construction. It consists

'of two flat circular stones about fifteen inches in diameter ; the upper one of which is turned by a handle upon a pivot fixed in the lower one. The woman sits on the ground with the mill, which is called a *chukkee*, before her ; and, if she works hard, may grind from forty to fifty seers of corn in the day. Servants and others of the poorer sort, who have their wives in camp, earn something in addition to their wages by employing them in this manner at their hours of leisure. An industrious woman, when not inclined to sleep, will arise at any hour of the night and busy herself with the mill ; and any person lying awake, would be sure to hear two or three women so employed, singing over their work in a strain which, if not positively beau-

tiful, is far from being unpleasing ; and accords well with the stillness of the hour.

The progress of the Mahrattas from one place of encampment to another usually presents a track of indiscriminate desolation. The author often mentions these rapacious plunderers as foraging on the green corn, while men, women, and children were busily employed in tearing it up by the roots. This merciless horde of erratic warriors seem always on their march to threaten a desert in their van and to leave one in their rear.

As we have at present some jugglers from the eastern peninsula in this country, and have witnessed their wonderful feats we can the more readily believe the following.

'A set of jugglers called *Bhanmittees*, came into our camp this morning, and exhibited some surprising feats of activity. One woman in particular astonished me : she rested on her head and feet, with her back toward the earth ; two swords, with their blades inwards, were crossed upon her chin, and two others, the blades also inwards, under her neck : she then traversed round in a circle with great rapidity ; keeping her head always fixed in the centre, and leaping over the points of the swords whenever her breast chanced to be downwards. The *Bhanmittees* are of the lowest classes of the people, and support themselves by travelling about, and exhibiting their feats in the towns and villages through which they pass.'

The author says that the common mode of execution amongst the Mahrattas is to break the head of the culprit with a large wooden mallet, which is kept with great care for the purpose. Mr. Broughton, at p. 87, describes the curious ceremony or amusement of what is called the *Hohlee*, which was performed in a large tent erected for the purpose, and of which the following are some of the principal particulars.

'Playing the *Hohlee* consists in throwing about a quantity of flour, made from a water-nut, called *singara*, and dyed with red sanders : it is called *abeer*, and the principal sport is to cast it into the eyes, mouth and nose of the players, and to splash them all over with water, tinged of an orange colour with the flowers of the *dak* tree. The *abeer* is often mixed with powdered talk, to make it glitter ; and then, if it gets into the eyes, it causes a great deal of pain. It is sometimes also enclosed in little globes, made of some congealed gelatinous fluid, about the size of an egg, with which a good aim can be taken at those whom you wish to attack ; but they require to be dexterously handled, as they yield to the slightest touch.'

In the large tent, in which our author witnessed this

sport, there was a temporary fountain into which some of the courtiers of the Muha Raj were plunged for the amusement of the company ; and as butts for the joke of the sovereign. If this sort of ducking were practised on the numerous class of the same description in more northern courts, it might tend to moderate the servile ardour of the fawning race. When our author and his party had taken their seats, in order to partake of the joyous festivity of the Hohlee, he says that each individual was provided with a large silver squirt, whilst, in addition to a vase of yellow coloured water, large brazen trays were introduced filled with *abeer*, and with the little balls or globes which are mentioned above. Every one now began in good earnest to squirt the water or to throw the *abeer* in his neighbour's face. The Muha Raj, however, had taken good care not to be vanquished in this contest of good fellowship in water and dust ; for he had provided himself on the occasion with the pipe of a large fire engine filled with yellow water, and worked by half-a-dozen men, with which he squirted about him so dexterously that there was very soon not a person in the tent who was not wet to the skin.

‘ Sometimes he directed it against those who sat near him with such force that it was not an easy matter to keep one's seat. All opposition to this formidable engine was futile ; whole shovel-fulls of *abeer* were cast about, and instantly followed by a shower of the yellow water ; and thus we were alternately powdered and drenched, till the floor on which we sat was covered some inches in depth with a kind of pink and orange-coloured mud. Such a scene I never witnessed in my life. Figure to yourself successive groups of dancing girls, bedecked with gold and silver lace ; their taudry trappings stained with patches of *abeer*, and dripping, like so many naiads, with orange-coloured water ; now chaunting the Hohlee songs with all the airs of practised libertinism, and now shrinking with affected screams beneath a fresh shower from the Muha Raj's engine : the discord of drums, trumpets, fiddles, and cymbals, sounding as if only to drown the other noises that arose around them : the triumph of those who successfully threw the *abeer*, and the clamours of others who suffered from their attacks ; the loud shouts of laughter and applause which burst on all sides from the joyous crowd ; figure to yourself, if you can, such an assemblage of extraordinary objects ; then paint them all in two glowing tints of pink and yellow, and you will have formed some conception of a scene, which absolutely beggars all description.’

The festival of the Hohlee, which is celebrated in the

last month of the Hindoo year and the commencement of the spring,

'is observed by all classes throughout Hindoostan: it is the season of universal merriment and joy; and the sports, that take place at its celebration, bear some resemblance to those which were allowed in Rome during the Saturnalia. The utmost licence is permitted to all ranks; the men, old and young, parade about the streets, or the camp, in large groups, singing *kuveers*, extemporaneous stanzas, full of the grossest indelicacy; into which they freely introduce the names of their superiors, coupled with the most abominable allusions; the whole party joining in the chorus, and expressing their delight by loud peals of laughter, hallooing, and almost frantic gestures. An individual sometimes exhibits himself, dressed in a most grotesque and indecent manner, as a personification of the Hohlee, and is followed by crowds throwing about the *abeer*, and singing the *P, hagoon* songs, to the great annoyance of such women as they may happen to meet, whom they delight to attack with the coarsest ribaldry.'

On the last night of the month *P, hagoon*, which is followed by the expiration of the old year and the commencement of the new, the joyous but disorderly rites are terminated by 'burning the Hohlee.'

'A quantity of wood having been collected for the purpose, a lucky moment is fixed upon for setting fire to the pile: every family has a small one within their own premises; where they burn little balls of cow-dung strung upon a rope, called *bulha*: and a larger one is burned in every street or market-place, around which all the neighbours assemble. In the morning, when the fire has burned out, they, who have watched it through the night, cast the ashes upon one another, and throw them into the air, laughing and hallooing, and repeating for the last time their favorite *kuveers*. This concluding ceremony is allusive to the demise of the old year, now just expired, and expressive of their joy at the approach of the new one now commencing. The riotous crew then bathe themselves, put on clean clothes, and go about to compliment their friends.'

The author considers the Mahrattas as divided into two grand classes, of which the first consists of Brahmins, and the other is made up of almost all the inferior *castes* of the Hindoos, but principally 'of *Aheers*, or shepherds, and *Koormees*, or tillers of the earth.' The Brahmins confine themselves to vegetable food; but the *castes*, comprised in the second class, eat without scruple any species of animal food except beef. The following is the account which the author gives of the physical appearance and moral qualities of the Mahrattas.

'The Brahmins are fair, have prominent features, and come-

ly persons; the rest are dark, with broad flat faces, small features, and short square persons; but are very seldom if ever stout. I have never been able to discover any quality or propensity they possess, which might be construed into a fitness for the enjoyment of social life. They are deceitful, treacherous, narrow-minded, rapacious, and notorious liars: the only quality they are endowed with, which could, according to our systems of ethics, be placed to the credit side of the account, being candour: for there is not one of the propensities I have enumerated to which a Mahratta would not immediately plead guilty: in his idea of things, they are requisite to form a perfect character: and to all accusations of falsehood, treachery, extortion, &c. he has one common answer.—“*Mahratta durbar hue,*” ’tis a Mahratta court.’

Whilst Mr. Broughton was in the camp of Scindia, that monarch made a change in his councils, and Surjee Rao, the father of the Baee, his favourite wife, became his prime minister. He had been before in office, when he incurred the abhorrence of his countrymen by his cruelties and extortion. The author furnishes several details of his profligacy and injustice. He appears to have been at this period, as other ministers as well as their sovereigns have sometimes been, under the imperious domination of a dancing girl of as little principle as himself. Mr. Broughton represents this ‘Nach girl,’ as having so completely captivated the affections of the prime minister, that he was ‘miserable when separated from her even for the shortest space of time. She lives at his tent, accompanies him in a palanquin whenever he goes abroad, and is herself attended by a far more numerous train than that of her venerable lover.’

Surjee Rao, says our author, ‘has so much injured his constitution by excess, that he has constant recourse to provocatives to excite his appetite and stimulate his failing powers; dishes of young pigeons and goat’s flesh stewed down to rich jellies are daily served up at his table, and the female, or, as she is generally termed, the queen of the white ants, a sovereign remedy in cases of exhausted vigour, is carefully sought after and preserved for his use.’

We pass over the details which the author has given respecting the siege of Doonee, which, though a weak place and defended by hardly any thing more than a ditch and a mud wall, defied the whole power of Scindia for nearly two months. This siege affords a striking proof of the total want of military skill and energetic activity in the army of the Mahrattas. But we are to recollect that the operations of the army and the measures of the camp

were, at this time, directed by a besotted and imbecile voluptuary, who had no conduct when he was sober, and no courage except when he was drunk.

Though the affairs of Scindia at this period were in no very prosperous train, though his troops were ready to mutiny, or to desert for want of pay, and his financial embarrassments were aggravated by the disgrace of his measures and the failure of his plans, he bore every species of mortification and shame with that sort of *non-chalance* which marks some of the great personages of the present day; and is the product either of callous depravity, or of torpid indifference to the good of others and even to their own. Whatever dissatisfaction Scindia might feel for a moment, it was readily diverted by some new pastime or bauble.

'A tiger or a pretty face, an elephant fight, or a new supply of paper kites, have each sufficient attraction to divert his chagrin, and restore him to his wonted thoughtlessness and good humour. It is only, however, upon such occasions as the siege of Doonee, that he tastes of almost unalloyed happiness. Under the pretence of attending to the operations of the siege, he directed a small suit of tents to be pitched for him in a garden in the rear of the trenches, and there, surrounded by a set of parasites and buffoons, he passed his time in one constant round of the grossest debaucheries. Emancipated from his two greatest plagues, his wife and his ministers, he refused to listen to any business; and seemed to think of nothing but fresh modes of whiling away his hours, and indulging his own profligate propensities. Women and low company have been his bane, and appear to have quite corrupted a heart and mind originally meant for better things. Virgin charms have been diligently sought for, and almost daily sacrificed upon the altar of his lusts: and in the conclave of his wretched minions, scenes are said to be enacted for his amusement, so gross, and at the same time so ridiculous, as would stagger belief, and call a blush into the cheeks of the most depraved European. These miscreants are systematic in their infamy; their sports are regularly classed and organized: but as common language is inadequate to their description, fancy is called into their aid, and to every new diversion is given a new and unheard of designation. Yet Seendhiya has no less than three wives with him in camp; all of them young and eminently handsome. To one only, however, the daughter of Surjee Rao, does he ever dispense his favours. The others pass their time in a wretched state of penury and neglect; objects at once of aversion to their husband, and of scorn and contempt to their favoured rival, emphatically called, as I before observed, the *Bacc*.'

The flying of kites, which is a very princely occupation,

is one of the favourite diversions of Scindia; and we wish that all his diversions, as well as those of other sovereigns, were equally innocent. When the season for flying kites arrived, the Muha Raj, according to our author, was 'to be seen every evening, attended by large bodies of cavalry,' partaking of this noble sport.

'It is a favourite amusement in every part of India. The kites have no tails, and bear some resemblance in shape to the ace of clubs. Matches are fought with them; and frequently for large sums; which he, whose string is cut, loses; and his kite is reckoned lawful plunder for the crowd assembled to see the sport. A composition of pounded glass, called *munjun*, is rubbed over the string to enable it to cut; and for this purpose all the empty bottles of the residency have been put in requisition by the Muha Raj; who also goes to the expence of having kites and strings brought for him from Delhi, which is celebrated for their manufacture. I can assure you that, ridiculous as it may appear to you, no small degree of skill and experience is requisite to manage one of these kites, and gain a victory.'

After quitting Doonee, the Mahrattas encamped on the banks of the Bunas. Mr. Broughton describes the treatment of the Mahratta women as less strict than amongst the other natives of India. He is speaking of them whilst the army was on its march to the Bunas.

'Such as can afford it here, ride on horseback, without taking any pains to conceal their faces: they gallop about, and make their way through the throng with as much boldness and perseverance as the men. Among the better sort, it is common to see the master of a family riding by the side of his wife and children, all well mounted, and attended by half a dozen horsemen, and two or three female servants, also on horseback: and I have often seen a woman seated astraddle, behind her husband, and keeping her seat with no small degree of grace and dexterity, while he was exercising his horse at a good round gallop. The Mahratta women are, generally speaking, very ugly; and have a bold look, which is to be observed in no other women of Hindoostan.'

'The poorest women tie their infants in a bag, which they sling over their shoulders; and so trudge along a whole day's march, without appearing to suffer the slightest inconvenience; and this is often done when the child has been actually born upon the road. They must, however, be very poor indeed who have neither a bullock nor a *tut, hoo* to carry their baggage. These *tut, hoo*s are a breed of small ponies, and are the most useful and hardy little animals in India. It is surprising to see them getting on, during a long march, at a quick walk, under loads which appear sufficient to break their backs; and which

commonly consist of all the goods and chattels of the family, including the tent; with the mistress seated on the top, a child in her lap, and a pet kid, or a little dog, tied on before her. They are generally vicious, and will fight, after getting rid of their load, with as much vigor and spirit as if just loosed from their night's pickets.'

The body of a Mahratta Surdar, was burned near the English tents whilst our author was encamped on the banks of the Bunas. The funeral procession consisted of the elephants and horses of the departed chief 'gaily painted and caparisoned,' a train of friends on foot 'weeping and lamenting aloud.'

'Some pieces of money were scattered over the corpse, which with the clothes in which it was enveloped, become the perquisites of the *B, hungees*; a set of men of the lowest *caste*, or rather of no *caste* at all; who perform the vilest offices for the living, and are remunerated by receiving, after death, that which no one else is permitted to touch; every thing that has been used about a corpse being deemed unclean by all classes of Hindoos. His most intimate friends and relations bore the couch on which the body was laid, and the nearest relation set fire to the pile.'

The following exhibits another proof, in addition to what we have before adduced, of the dignity, decorum, and neatness which are to be found in a Mahratta court.

'I went yesterday with the resident to the Durbar, which was held in a small tent made of *kus*, and being kept constantly wet, was exceedingly cool and pleasant. While Captain C— was conversing with Surjee Rao, one of the Muha Raj's favourite companions came into the tent and stood before him; and his highness immediately began to amuse himself by making most indecent signs and gestures, and winking at him, whenever he thought himself unperceived. As the man was directly behind my back, I could not observe whether these extraordinary communications by signal were replied to by him, but rather suppose they were not, as it is contrary to the etiquette of this polite court to retaliate any of the prince's jokes at the Durbar, especially in the presence of foreign ambassadors. The stench arising from the numerous carcases, which lay strewed about the Bazar, was almost intolerable; it is hardly credible, that any people should prefer submitting to such a nuisance, to the little trouble of removing it from their immediate neighbourhood.'

The author describes the Fugeers, who are a sort of religious mendicants, as very numerous and very troublesome in the camp of Scindia. They consisted of men, women, and children; and were not easily to be diverted

from their turbulent importunities to those from whom they thought that any thing was to be got. These Fugeers were composed both of Mohammedans and of Hindoos; and the Mohammedans are represented as exceeding the Hindoos in the pertinacity and impertinence of sturdy beggary. Mr. Broughton indeed intimates that their sanctity was estimated by the degree of their effrontery.

'When we first came to camp, we were so much annoyed by crowds of these fellows, that we were obliged to give our sentries orders to prevent all, but two or three, from entering the lines. One of these lives almost entirely upon opium; who is said to have been once a leader of horse in this very army: he exists in a constant state of intoxication; and in his diurnal round through the camp, breathes forth the most curious vows for our individual prosperity. A month or two ago, one of our officers gave him a pair of pantaloons, an old military jacket, and a cocked hat and feather: and in this equipment he used to make the tour of the great camp, to the no small astonishment and entertainment of the Mahrattas; till the things were all stolen from him during his state of insensibility. Another of our licensed Fugeers sings his petitions, and dances, in a most ridiculous manner, to a pair of dry sticks, which he uses like castanets. Many go about in groups, and earn a livelihood by singing old Hindoo songs in a manner that is far from being disagreeable.'

The financial system of the Mahrattas, as it is described by the author, appears to be one of the most wasteful and destructive kind, and to threaten the dissolution of this once powerful state.

'The usual mode of raising money here, is by making out *Pats*, or statements of the sums required for the public expenditure, which are negotiated with the bankers of the camp; and fetch a price, regulated by the value set by these bankers upon the security offered by the government for repayment. These securities are generally either assignments of the revenues of a province actually under the authority of the Muha Raj, or about to be attacked: or else bills upon different states, from whom a claim of tribute is set up. The *Pats* are always sold at a considerable discount: and when the bargain is concluded, the purchasers accept bills drawn upon them, generally at a long date, which are called *Burats*: and which are issued to the troops as pay. They who receive them are commonly so much in want of ready cash, that they are obliged to sell the drafts, often at a discount of twenty or thirty per cent. to procure a present supply of necessities: and the bankers, on whom they are drawn, (and not unfrequently the agents of the Muha Raj himself,) eagerly purchase them again at this rate.'

By the above system a few individuals, by whose agency it is conducted, are enriched, but the mass are impoverished. Scindia appears to have no regard to punctuality or truth in his pecuniary promises or engagements. From this, rather than from any other cause, mutiny and desertion were very common during the abode of our author in his camp. But, whilst Scindia seems to have made no payment except from compulsion, the apprehension of force, or the influence of superstition, and the public treasury was apparently in the most impoverished state, the sovereign himself had a private purse, which was computed to have contained not less than fifty lacks of rupees. But it was the maxim of Scindia that no consideration of honour or justice, no exigency of the state, and no distress of his subjects, should ever induce him to make any disbursements out of this royal board. Avarice may, sometimes, be almost a pardonable failing in common men; but it is a most destructive vice in kings; as it is wont to occasion the most extensive mischief both to individuals and to the community, and to occasion the most flagrant violations of justice and humanity.

We have often heard of savages handling the most venomous reptiles without fear or injury, probably by means of some artificial preparation by which their poisonous powers were annihilated, or they were rendered incapable of exerting them.

'It is not uncommon to see men who will take up the most venomous snakes, and allow them to creep about their persons, with impunity: they pretend to do this by a certain *muntur*, or charm; and if we refuse them their claim to supernatural powers, we must at least acknowledge some art, by which they render so dangerous a creature quite harmless. I have known a Sipahce dig out one of these snakes, and keep him for several days in a cloth tied about his loins; feeding him daily with the utmost care and assiduity. Scorpions are easily rendered innocent by pinching their tails just below the sting; which deprives the animal of the power of darting it forward. It is, to be sure, rather a nice operation; but all that is requisite is to keep the hand behind and below the creature, who can only inflict a wound forwards and over its back.'

Our author, more than once, adverts to the disputes which had arisen between Scindia and his prime minister, which gradually increased in violence till they were terminated by the destruction of the latter, whose atrocities had excited general detestation. We shall extract the account of his death, which though it was one of those sudden and unexpected catastrophes that are wont to act

forcibly on the common feelings of mankind, produced, in this instance, not even a faint symptom of grief or commiseration. If the plunderers and oppressors of mankind would occasionally anticipate the sensations of joy which their end, whether the effect of natural means or of vindictive violence, will sooner or later occasion, they might be tempted to alter their course, and to cultivate those qualities which are more likely to conciliate the love than to provoke the abhorrence of their fellow-creatures.

The minister had gone to the Durbar, and was earnestly pressing Seendhiya to accede to some of his proposals; to which the Muha Raj, as usual, returned evasive and unsatisfactory replies, and ordered his equipage to be got ready to go to an elephant fight. As he was about to depart, Surjee Rao repeated his remonstrances, and at length had the temerity to seize the skirt of his gown, and endeavoured to detain him forcibly in his seat. Some of the *Hoozooriyas* present, incensed at such an insult, thrust him back, and Seendhiya escaped from the tent; giving an order, however, to secure his person. The minister snatched his sword from the hand of an attendant, and resisted those who attempted to execute the order of the Muha Raj. A violent scuffle ensued, in which some individuals of both parties were killed, and several wounded; and Surjee Rao at length effected his retreat to his tents, after having killed two men with his own hand. He was followed thither by the enraged party from the *Deooree*, headed by Anund Rao, and a son of Manna-gee Fankra, two distant relations of the Muha Raj's family. In one minute the ropes of the tent, in which the unfortunate minister had taken refuge, were cut, and he himself dragged from beneath it; and in the next he fell dead in the public street, pierced with a dozen wounds inflicted by his pitiless enemies, Anund Rao himself having set the example. The commotion excited by this event was much less than could have been expected. At first all was uproar and confusion; of which the *Shohdas*, and other rabble of the army, took due advantage, and plundered every thing that came in their way. The troops, however, were almost immediately under arms, and the whole camp was speedily surrounded by parties of horse, who received orders not to allow any individual whatever to enter or to quit it. This morning all was again quiet, as if nothing of any consequence had happened. So universally was the very name of Surjee Rao detested, that none were found even to feel a moment's pity for his sudden fate; much less to think of revenging it. Thus has fallen the most unprincipled, sanguinary, and daring public man that has for many years figured in Hindoostan.

Our author informs us, (p. 291) that the odes of Hafiz are consulted at the court of Scindia, for the same purpose of developing the secrets of futurity as the works of Vir-

gil once were in this and other countries. The Brahmuns are said to have turned the propensity of the Muha Raj to believe in omens to a good account.

'I remember,' says he, 'once the Durbar being thrown into confusion by a crow flying through the tent: it was said to predict some fatal event; and to avert it, the Muha Raj was enjoined to construct a crow of gold, with a chain of pearls round its neck, and present it to the Brahmuns; an injunction with which he literally complied.'

It will naturally be supposed, that the Mahratta mode of passing life in a camp must, in particular circumstances, be productive of the most poignant distress to the softer sex. The following is an instance in point. The author mentions that, on one of his marches with this itinerant nation of warriors, he beheld a poor creature sitting by the side of the road, who had been just delivered.

'She belonged to Muha Raj's own camp, and had been prevented, by approaching labour, from keeping up with her friends. She was quite alone, and had performed for herself all the painful offices of a midwife. She did not appear to be much distressed; and they who passed by, merely observed that a child was born, without thinking it at all necessary to offer assistance to her who had given it birth. When a little recovered from the first effects of her illness, she probably took up her little burden, and walked on to camp; or if her strength did not allow her to get so far, took refuge in some village on the road, till she was able to proceed and rejoin her family.'

We have been interested by the perusal of this work, and have found it a lively, and we have no doubt faithful representation of the manners and customs of a very singular race of people, which is well worthy the attention not merely of the general reader, but particularly of those who are curious in examining the varieties of the human character, as it is modified by peculiar institutions.

ART. II.—*Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knt. LL. D. F. R. S. F. S. A. &c. Late President of the Royal Academy. Comprising original Anecdotes of many distinguished Persons, his Contemporaries; and a brief Analysis of his Discourses. To which are added, Varieties on Art. By James Northcote, Esq. R. A. Colburn, 1813, 4to. 600 Pages. £2. 4s.*

AT no period, since the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, would the public have more thankfully received a regular

and well-digested account of his life, and a judicious estimate of his genius and professional character, than at the present, when we have been lately gratified by the exhibition of so large a portion of his best and most celebrated works, and come from it prepared, in a greater or less degree, to appreciate from our personal observation the justness of the censure which taste and experience may pass upon his merits. The execution of such an office, at such a time, by one who is well known, not only as an eminent artist himself, but as having been the favourite pupil and intimate associate of the person he has undertaken to memorialize, cannot have failed to excite a very considerable share of curiosity and high hopes of gratification in all who are interested in the history and progress of art: and, whatever judgment we may be compelled to pass on the general merits of that execution, it would be unjust to deny that the work contains enough to answer, at least in part, the expectations raised, and afford the gratification it appears to promise.

Mr. Northcote announces himself, in his preface, to be of opinion that an artist is alone qualified to give to the world the faithful memoir of an artist; and that it is owing to the general inexperience of persons of that profession in the arts of literary composition, that the lives of painters have generally been written with so much ignorance of the subject, and consequently with so little practical utility. To have set the example, under this impression, of bringing back this branch of the history of science to its proper channel, deserves acknowledgment, if only for the attempt and the motive which actuated it. We might perhaps have wished for more method in the arrangement, more selection in the choice of anecdote, greater felicity of expression; yet, under such circumstances as these, we feel that it would be a mere waste of time to consume it in general censure or barren criticism, and we therefore proceed to notice such particulars as appear to us most novel or best deserving of attention.

The low state to which the arts, particularly that of painting, were confessedly reduced in the early part of the last century, is conceived by our author to be attributed in a great degree to the want of sufficient encouragement, and this cause he imagines to be itself 'a natural consequence proceeding from the customs and manners of the preceding ages.' Thus he continues,

'What the fury of Henry the Eighth had spared at the reformation was condemned by the puritans; and the arts, long dis-

turbed by civil commotions, were in a manner expelled from Great Britain or lay neglected in the sensual gallantry of the restored court of Charles the Second; nor were its hopes revived by the party contentions that immediately followed, and wholly occupied the attention of all men, rendering them unfit to relish, and without the leisure to protect, the fine arts.'

From this state of depression into which the art, from whatever cause, had certainly fallen, the subject of this memoir was destined, alone, and by the unassisted energies of his own mind, to relieve it. The history of his life is, therefore, so far as it extends, the history of the modern English school of painting, and, as such, possesses higher claims to the interest and attention of his fellow-countrymen, than that of any other artist either of older or later date than himself.

It would be unjust to the county of Devon not to notice the constellation of talent to which Mr. Northcote, with the generous partiality of a native, prides himself on its having given birth, in the art to which he is personally attached.

'Of that county,' he says, 'was Thomas Hudson, the best portrait painter of his day, in the kingdom, and famous for being the master of Reynolds; also Francis Hayman, the first historical painter of his time; and Mr. Cosway, R. A. Mr. Humphry, R. A.; Mr. *Downham*, (qu. *Downman*?) Mr. Cross, all eminent in their profession. Of that county also was Sir Joshua Reynolds, eminent in the highest degree;'

And to this list we have the satisfaction of adding yet another name, which the author from modesty has in this place omitted, but which must ever stand next, in the opinion of the public, to that of Sir Joshua himself in the catalogue—we mean Mr. Northcote's—but to proceed.

Sir Joshua was born at the town of Plympton, near Plymouth, on the 16th of July, 1723, three months (as the curious in those matters have observed) before the death of Sir Godfrey Kneller. His father was the clergyman of Plympton, and an extremely worthy and respectable personage. We do not find it incumbent on us to do more than refer our readers to the work before us for the particulars which it contains relative to his paternal and maternal connections, and for the notable contest with Mr. Malone respecting the reason which influenced his parents in the choice of the good old scriptural name, Joshua, for his prænomen.

The perusal of Richardson's Treatise on the Theory of Painting is mentioned as the circumstance which (ac-

cording to Mr. Northcote's favourite hypothesis) first, or at least principally, stimulated the rising genius in the path which it afterwards followed; and we are not surprised at the effect it is said to have produced. No book was ever written with more enthusiasm or a more honest zeal in favour of the cause it espouses, none that tends more directly to the elevation of the art which it is designed to promote and encourage.

Whatever was the immediate cause, however, the bent of young Reynolds's genius soon became most evident and most decided, and, in conformity with his ruling passion, which it would probably have been in vain to counteract, he was, on the 14th of October, 1741, being then not quite eighteen, launched on the ocean of a London life under the tuition of Hudson the portrait painter, an artist who, although the most renowned in his time, was altogether unequal to the task of fashioning such a genius as that which was now committed to his management. As a specimen of the state of the arts at that period, it is related that the talent of this once fashionable painter was confined to the production of a good likeness, that, after having painted the head, his genius failed him altogether, and

'he was obliged to apply to one Vanhaaken to put it on the shoulders and finish the drapery, of both which he was himself totally incapable. Unluckily, Vanhaaken died, and for a time Hudson was driven almost to despair, and feared he must have quitted his lucrative employment: he was, however, fortunate enough to meet with another drapery-painter, named Roth, who, though not so expert as the former, was yet sufficiently qualified to carry on the manufactory.'—P. 12.

To the credit of Hudson, however, it should be remembered, that, besides Reynolds, Mortimer and Wright of Derby were among the number of his pupils; and these 'at that time formed a matchless triumvirate.' His mode of instruction appears to be deservedly stigmatized;—'probably from pure ignorance, instead of directing him (Reynolds) to study from the antique models, he recommended to him the careful 'copying of Guercino's drawings, thus trifling his time away.' This serves, adds our author, as an additional specimen of the state of the arts at that period;

'however, the youthful and tractable pupil executed his task with such skill, that many of those early productions are now preserved in the cabinets of the curious in this kingdom;

most of which are actually considered as originals by *that master.*

(Qu. what master? Guercino, Reynolds, or Hudson?)

No wonder that the pupil should, in no long space of time, have, by the display of his natural genius, excited the jealousy of such an instructor. He remained with him studying in London for two years, during which his biographer thinks it worthy of record, that he one day had the great happiness of touching the hand of Pope at an auction-room.

The three following years were spent by him in Devonshire, but Mr. Northcote refuses to admit with Mr. Malone that this time was wasted or unprofitably spent. It was during this period that he produced a portrait, which is still esteemed among his happiest productions; that of 'a boy reading by a reflected light,'—and several others, which are undoubtedly very fine, as he himself acknowledged on seeing them at the distance of thirty years, when he lamented that in so great a length of time he had made so little progress in his art.

The appointment of his early and firm friend and patron, the Honourable Augustus (afterwards Viscount) Keppel, in the year 1749, as commodore on the Mediterranean station, may be justly accounted the most fortunate circumstance of Sir Joshua's life, as it afforded him the opportunity he probably would never otherwise have enjoyed, of visiting Italy, 'the mother and nurse of the arts,' and there imbibing from the fountain head that knowledge of his profession, which in the then corrupted state of the science in his own country, he could never have hoped to attain by any course of study he would have been enabled to pursue at home. The manner in which he employed his time at Rome, as delineated by his biographer, it is important to notice for the advantage of future professional travellers, especially sanctioned, as the account here is, by the experience and taste of Mr. Northcote.

'When arrived in this garden of the world, this great temple of the arts, (where I have enjoyed so much pleasure, now almost fading from my memory), his time was diligently and judiciously employed in such a manner as might have been expected from one of his talents and virtue. He contemplated, with unwearied attention and ardent zeal, the various beauties which marked the styles of different schools and different ages. He sought for truth, taste, and beauty at the fountain head. It was with

no common eye that he beheld the productions of the great masters. He copied and sketched in the Vatican such parts of the works of Raffaele and Michael Angelo as he thought would be most conducive to his future excellence; and by his well-directed study acquired, whilst he contemplated the best works of the best masters, that grace of thinking to which he was principally indebted for his subsequent reputation as a portrait painter. In attending more particularly to this, he avoided all engagements for copying works of art for the various travellers at that time in Rome; knowing that kind of employment, as he afterwards said in a letter to Barry, to be totally useless. "Whilst I was at Rome, I was very little employed by them, and that little I always considered as so much time lost."—P. 24.

It is a remarkable circumstance, which Sir Joshua has recorded in his own writings, that the first sight of Raphael's works in the Vatican afforded him only disappointment, and that the admiration he afterwards conceived for them was the result of long study. Mr. Northcote is disposed to account for this 'from the difference in the dispositions of the two painters.' The severe grandeur of Raphael disdained the allurements of colouring and of the chiaroscuro, 'parts of the art which delighted Reynolds, whose natural disposition inclined him solely to the cultivation of its graces, and of whose works softness and captivating sweetness are the chief characteristics.'—P. 28.

Another curious circumstance is here recorded, which (we imagine) is not generally known. There are few, at least, who imagine that the genius of Reynolds led him, at any period of his professional life, to the art of caricature. Still less should we suppose that he cultivated the practice of it at Rome, and our astonishment becomes greater when we learn that he employed it in a 'sort of parody' of the school of Athens of Raphael. This very parody still exists, however, as an evidence of the fact, and is said to be in the possession of Mr. Joseph Henry, of Straffan, in Ireland. The good sense of Sir Joshua taught him soon to abandon an amusement which may easily be imagined destructive of true taste, or at least of the enthusiasm which is necessary to awaken and exalt it.

Reynolds returned to England in 1752, and, in the course of the same year, took up his residence in St. Martin's Lane, London, 'at that time the favourite and fashionable residence of artists.' His first pupil was Giuseppe Marchi, a young Italian whom he had brought

with him from Rome, and who continued to reside with him, in the quality of an assistant during the principal part of his life.

The year 1753 was a period of great celebrity to Sir Joshua as a portrait painter. He now removed to the house in Great Newport Street, where he lived for the next eight or nine years. In this commencement of his fashionable career, he had, however, to struggle with a rival in every respect unworthy of him, John Stephen Liotard, whose rank as a painter Sir Joshua himself appears to have justly estimated, when he said of him,

'The only merit in Liotard's pictures is neatness, which, as a general rule, is the characteristic of a low genius, or rather no genius at all. His pictures are just what ladies do when they paint for their amusement; nor is there any person, how poor soever their talents may be, but in a very few years, by dint of practice, may possess themselves of every qualification in the art which this GREAT MAN has got.'

It is one of the most mortifying trials to which rising genius is exposed, to be placed, by the blindness of popular opinion, even for a moment in competition with such pretenders in art.

The noble portrait of Commodore Keppel, 'in which he appears to be walking with a quick pace on the sea-shore, and in a storm,' allusive to his wreck in the Maidstone frigate in 1746, forms an era in the history of the art in Great Britain.

'The novelty and expression introduced in this picture were powerful stimulants to the public taste; and, as it has been well observed by one of his biographers, he "soon saw how much animation might be obtained by deviating from the insipid manner of his immediate predecessors; hence, in many of his portraits, particularly when combined in family groupes, we find much of the variety and spirit of a higher species of art. Instead of confining himself to mere likeness, in which, however, he was eminently happy, he dived, as it were, into the minds, and manners, and habits, of those who sat to him; and accordingly, the majority of his portraits are so appropriate and characteristic, that the many illustrious persons whom he has delineated, will be almost as well known to posterity, as if they had seen and conversed with them."—P. 37.

It was about this period that his acquaintance with Dr. Johnson commenced, for which he had been prepared, in the manner that Boswell has mentioned, by reading the life of Savage. Of the many anecdotes here given, relating to the 'great moralist,' the greater part are repeated from Boswell and other well-known sources. We

shall select a few that appear best worth noticing, from those which Mr. Northcote has added on the authority of his own recollection or of private communication:

'Roubiliac, the famous sculptor, desired of Sir Joshua that he would introduce him to Dr. Johnson, at the time when the doctor lived in Gough Square, Fleet-Street. His object was to prevail on Johnson to write an epitaph for a monument, on which Roubiliac was then engaged for Westminster Abbey. Sir Joshua accordingly introduced the sculptor to the doctor, they being strangers to each other, and Johnson received him with much civility, and took them up into a garret, which he considered as his library; in which, besides his books, all covered with dust, there was an old crazy deal table, and a still worse and older elbow chair, having only three legs. In this chair Johnson seated himself, after having with considerable dexterity and evident practice, first drawn it up against the wall, which served to support it on that side on which the leg was deficient. He then took up his pen, and demanded what they wanted him to write. On this, Roubiliac, who was a true Frenchman, (as may be seen by his works,) began a most bombastic and ridiculous harangue on what he thought should be the kind of epitaph most proper for the purpose, all which the doctor was to write down for him in correct language; when Johnson, who could not suffer any one to dictate to him, quickly interrupted him in an angry tone of voice, saying, "Come, come, Sir, let's have no more of this bombastic, ridiculous,rodomontade, but let me know, in simple language, the name, character, and quality, of the person whose epitaph you intend to have me write."—P. 43.

'I have heard Sir Joshua repeat a speech which the doctor made about this time, and in which he gave himself credit for two particulars. "There are two things," said he, "which I am confident I can do very well: one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion, shewing, from various causes, why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised to himself and to the public."—P. 49.

Their tour to Plymouth together in the autumn of 1762, contributed greatly to strengthen the intimacy already formed between Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua, and which (as is well known) continued uninterrupted through life. We cannot avoid noticing the tribute of respect and affection which Mr. Northcote takes the opportunity of paying to the family of Mr. Mudge, who were, upon this occasion, the hosts of Sir Joshua and his fellow-traveller. But our limits will not allow us to dwell on the subject, any more than on a curious anecdote of Dr. Johnson's

willing faith on subjects of a mysterious and supernatural nature, recorded in p. 67, which we do not remember to have met with elsewhere. The Literary Club, which was instituted in February, 1764, still further cemented the friendship of these British worthies.

The following is characteristic of Johnson's best style of thought. An engraver was consulting Sir Joshua on the title to be placed under a portrait of Rubens, enquiring into all the particular dignities and offices enjoyed by the painter, the honour of knighthood in three different countries, secretary of state in Flanders, minister from the court of Madrid, magistrate at Antwerp, &c. &c. Dr. Johnson happening to be present while this discussion was going on, interfered rather abruptly, saying, 'Pooh! pooh! put his name alone under the print, Peter Paul Rubens; that is full sufficient and more than all the rest.'—P. 142.

We cannot afford to lose a single specimen of Johnsonian gallantry.

'At the time that Miss Linley was in the highest esteem as a public singer, Dr. Johnson came in the evening to drink tea with Miss Reynolds, and when he entered the room, she said to him, "See, Dr. Johnson, what a preference I give to your company, for I had an offer of a place in a box at the oratorio to hear Miss Linley; but I would rather sit with you than hear Miss Linley sing." "And I, Madam," replied Johnson, "would rather sit with you than sit upon a throne." The doctor would not be surpassed even in a trifling compliment.'—1b.

We will not destroy the effect of this high refinement of courtesy by producing two speeches, which follow, of a very different cast, but pass over them to two succeeding ones. A friend was lamenting the disagreeable situation of persons eminent for their witticisms, who are always expected to say something good—"that it was a heavy tax upon them." "It is, indeed," said Johnson, "a very heavy tax upon them; a tax which no man can pay who does not steal." A prosing dull companion was making a long harangue to Dr. Johnson on the *Punic war*, in which he gave nothing new or entertaining. Johnson, afterwards, speaking of the circumstance to a friend, said, 'Sir, I soon withdrew my attention from him, and thought of Tom Thumb.'

'Dr. Johnson knew nothing of the art of painting either in theory or practice, which is one proof that he could not be the author of Sir Joshua's discourses; indeed his imperfect sight was some excuse for his total ignorance in that department of study. Once being at dinner at Sir Joshua's, in company with

many painters, in the course of conversation, Richardson's Treatise on Painting happened to be mentioned, "Ah!" said Johnson, "I remember when I was at college, I by chance found that book on my stairs: I took it up with me to my chamber and read it through, and truly I did not think it possible to say so much upon the art." Sir Joshua, who could not hear distinctly, desired of one of the company to be informed what Dr. Johnson had said; and it being repeated to him so loud that Johnson heard it, the doctor seemed hurt, and added, "but I did not wish, Sir, that Sir Joshua should have been told what I then said."—P. 146.

The latter speech of Johnson, as Mr. Northcote justly remarks, denotes a delicacy in him, and an unwillingness to offend, which he has not always had credit for possessing.

That Dr. Johnson, however, could justly appreciate the high moral purposes of the art of painting, is evident from several passages of his works, especially where he so beautifully says, "I should grieve to see Reynolds transfer to heroes and to goddesses, to empty splendour and to airy fiction, that art, which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in renewing tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead." In this, and also in another passage cited by the biographer, the defence of portrait painting is as just and ample as it is eloquent; and, for our own parts, we cannot help thinking that those who are accustomed to lament that Sir Joshua and other great painters should have received such continual occupation from the little vanity of the day in painting portraits as to have consumed that valuable time which ought to have been consecrated to the higher departments of art, must have felt disposed to alter their language while contemplating the late exhibition in the gallery of the British Institution, or at least to entertain some doubt whether this is altogether so much a matter of regret as they have been in the habit of thinking it. The fact is that portraits, when painted on the liberal and intellectual principles according to which the art was practised by Sir Joshua, become with the lapse of time, to all intents and purposes historical pictures. But this is a subject on which modesty should forbid us from expatiating in the presence of Mr. Northcote, who has treated it with all the feeling that we ourselves experience, and with a knowledge of the art to which we do not pretend. He shall speak for himself.

'Under this view of art so well described by Johnson, it is that portrait may assume a dignity; and certain it is that all

those portraits which have been executed by the higher order of painters have it; as we may perceive in them how much the genius of the artist has been able to discern, and faithfully to represent that which was characteristic and valuable in the individual which was his model, and thereby clearly demonstrated the possession of high powers. But the reason why portrait is treated with so much contempt, is because there are more bad pictures of this class preserved than of any other branch in the art, on account of their local value, being the resemblance of some favourite object, whereas, the bad performances in any other branch of art having no value, are neglected and perish. It may be observed also, that more bad portrait painters get employment than bad painters of any other class; which adds to the comparative plenty of those works: and this excessive plenty of bad portraits, from the above causes, has, in the end, given a degraded rank to that department. But could we see in portraiture all the qualities displayed of which it is capable, it would be found to contain many of the highest merits of even history itself; and those who treat it slightly surely cannot have examined it with sufficient attention, nor have had a clear idea of all its difficulties and merits. It appears to me to be in many respects similar to that of writing a distinct character of an individual, which, when it is done with justice and nice discrimination, I apprehend to be a greater effort of genius than to write the life or memoir. But the department of portrait alone may be divided into different classes as practised by different professors according to their abilities and inclinations. Three are distinct; for instance, and first, those portraits which are true but not ingenious, where their merit consists in a careful endeavour at similitude to the person represented, but in a manner dry, laboured, and tasteless; secondly, those which are ingenious but not true; in these much skill is often to be found, but then the pure imitation of nature has been sacrificed to ideal graces and adscititious beauties; Lely and Kneller are instances; the consequence of which is, that manner and sameness become the poor substitute for truth, variety, and nature. Such works are too much like each other to be like any thing else, and create no interest; but that order of portrait which does honour to the department is both true and ingenious, as may be exemplified in the works of Rembrandt, Velasquez, Vandyke, Reynolds, and Titian.—P. 148, &c.

The year 1753 is noted for the first attempt at instituting an academy of arts, but jealousies happened which then broke off the design, and the general yearly exhibition which formed part of that project did not take place till 1760, at which time Sir Joshua was in the zenith of his reputation, and had established himself in his final

place of residence, in Leicester Square, where he had bought

'a handsome house, to which he had added a splendid gallery for the exhibition of his works, and a commodious and elegant room for his sitters. In this speculation, I have heard him confess, he laid out almost the whole of the property he had then realized. He also set up a carriage, and his mode of living was in other respects suitably elegant.'—P. 53.

The terms in which Johnson writes to Baretto on the establishment of this public exhibition are sufficiently curious.

'The artists have instituted a yearly exhibition of pictures and statues, in imitation, I am told, of foreign academies. This year was the second exhibition. They please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise much in reputation. Reynolds is without a rival, and continues to add thousands to thousands, which he deserves among other excellencies, by retaining his kindness for Baretto. This exhibition has filled the heads of the artists, and lovers of art. Surely, life, if it be not long, is tedious; since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles, to rid us of our time—of that time which never can return.'

This mixture of kindness for his friend and pride in his superior genius, with cynical contempt for his art, is singularly characteristic. It is well known that, notwithstanding that contempt, (which must have partaken of a considerable share of affectation, as it so ill accords with his sentiments so deliberately expressed elsewhere) friendship induced him to compose the preface to the first catalogue of this same exhibition.

Several anecdotes are given of Garrick. The following strikes us as the best worth recording.

'Sir Joshua Reynolds had it long in contemplation to paint a picture of extensive composition, purposely to display the various powers of David Garrick as an actor. The principal figure in the front was to have been a full length of Garrick, in his own proper habit, in the action of speaking a prologue, surrounded by groupes of figures representing him in all the different characters, by personifying which he had gained fame on the stage. This scheme Sir Joshua described to Garrick, at the time he was painting his portrait; and Garrick expressed great pleasure when he heard it, and seemed to enjoy the idea prodigiously, saying, "That will be the very thing I desire; the only way, by G—, that I can be handed down to posterity."—P. 59.

It is much to be regretted, adds our author, that this fine conception was never carried into effect. We should

question, however, whether any thing very great was to be expected from a design so gigantic, and in its absence we may be very well satisfied with the noble picture of the actor placed between comedy and tragedy contending for possession of him, which will always rank among the first masterpieces of the artist.

Mr. Northcote gives an account of his own first meeting with Sir Joshua, which is interesting as affording a specimen of that early enthusiasm which we can hardly think reconcileable with theory which excludes the supposition of a natural bias, commonly called a *genius*, for such or such particular department of art. It was at a public assembly in Devonshire, on Sir Joshua's visit to that county with Dr. Johnson already related. The author, at that time very young, and knowing nothing of Reynolds but from having seen a few of his works at Plymouth, describes in lively terms the feeling which actuated him to press through the crowd for the purpose of touching the skirt of his coat, '*which*,' adds he, '*I did, with great satisfaction to my mind.*'—P. 66. It was not till many years afterwards, (1771) that Mr. Northcote was placed under Sir Joshua's tuition, a circumstance, to which we are indebted for this memoir, at least for all the original information it contains.

'If I might now be suffered,' says Mr. Northcote, 'to say a little of myself, I would declare that I feel it next to impossible to express the pleasure I received in breathing, if it may be so said, in an atmosphere of art; having until this period been entirely debarred, not only from the practice of the art itself, but even from the sight of pictures of any excellence, as the county of Devon at that time did not abound with specimens, and even those few which are scattered about that county I had no opportunity of ever seeing; and as from the earliest period of my being able to make any observation, I had conceived him to be the greatest painter that ever lived, it may be conjectured what I felt when I found myself in his house as his scholar: but as the admiration and respect which I now honestly confess I always felt for him, render me liable to be considered as a partial judge of his various merits, this consideration inclines me to give the authorities of others in preference to my own, whenever it will suit my purpose—of such as knew him well, and may be considered as less prejudiced encomiasts.

'As one prominent cause of Sir Joshua's cultivating the very best society, and which almost may be said to have been domesticated with him, M. Malone is certainly correct in stating, that finding how little time he could spare from his profession,

for the purpose of acquiring and adding to his knowledge from books, he very early and wisely resolved to partake, as much as possible, of the society of all the ingenious and learned men of his own time, in consequence of which, and his unassuming and gentle manner, and refined habits, his table, for above thirty years, exhibited an assemblage of all the talents of Great Britain and Ireland; there being, during that period, scarce a person in the three kingdoms distinguished for his attainments in literature or the arts, or for his exertions at the bar, in the senate, or the field, who was not occasionally found there.'

The description of our author's introduction, at this grand place of rendezvous, to another very celebrated personage, is laughable enough.

'It was very soon after my first arrival in London, where every thing appeared new and wonderful to me, that I expressed to Sir Joshua my impatient curiosity to see Dr. Goldsmith, and he promised I should do so on the first opportunity. Soon afterwards Goldsmith came to dine with him, and immediately on my entering the room, Sir Joshua, with a designed abruptness, said to me, "This is Dr. Goldsmith, pray why did you wish to see him?" I was much confused by the suddenness of the question, and answered, in my hurry, "because he is a notable man." This, in one sense of the word, was so very contrary to the character and conduct of Goldsmith, that Sir Joshua burst into a hearty laugh, and said, that Goldsmith should, in future, always be called the notable man. What I meant, however, to say was, that he was a man of note, or eminence.'—P. 153.

In p. 174, Mr. Northcote corrects an inaccuracy in Cumberland, who observes that the idea of Sir Joshua's great picture of Hugolino was borrowed from Dr. Goldsmith. It seems that for the *complete* picture, such as it now is, we are indeed indebted to a suggestion either of Goldsmith's or Burke's; but the *head* of Count Hugolino had been painted two years previously, as a study, without any precise object, and it was only on its being exhibited in this state that the hint originated which Sir Joshua had afterwards the good sense and the genius to improve upon so as to produce the grand result which the public has so lately had a fresh opportunity of admiring. The living *model* of Hugolino, as we have been informed, was a paviour who worked at that time in Leicester Square, and whose picturesque head and profile caught the attention of Sir Joshua, and gained him, among the artists of the day, the appellation of *St. Paviarius*. Supposing this to be correct, we are rather surprised at its not being no-

ticed by Mr. Northcote, but perhaps we may ourselves have confounded two distinct anecdotes.

It is a circumstance worth noticing as, though only in a slight degree, somewhat illustrative of Sir Joshua's character, that having, on a visit to Devonshire in 1773, received the compliment of being elected alderman and mayor of his native borough of Plympton, he frequently afterwards declared, (and, we doubt not, with perfect sincerity) 'that this circumstance gave him more pleasure than any other honour which he had received during his life.'—P. 184.*

The Rev. Mr. Alcock, vicar of Cornwood, presented to him on this occasion a distich to be affixed to the portrait of himself, which he sent to the corporation; it was one which, if he had not rejected from modesty, it is to be hoped he would from good taste.

'Laudat Romanus Raphaellem, Græcus Apellem,
Plympton Reynolden jactat, utrique parem.'

Many of our readers will remember a fine allegorical picture by Sir Joshua, representing Dr. Beattie with his *Essay on Truth* under his arm, and the angel of truth going before him, beating down the vices, Envy, Falsehood, &c. on his approach—and they will doubtless recollect the likeness, in the principal head of this latter groupe, to Voltaire. This likeness is so strong as not to be mistaken by any who are at all acquainted with the very uncommon and striking features of the French patriarch; the intention is indeed acknowledged in express terms by Sir Joshua in his correspondence, and he at the same time notices, *without denying it*, the design likewise imputed to him of representing 'Hume' in the person of another of his *dæmons*. Can it then have been unknown to Beattie himself at the time the picture was painting? and if known, was it not a piece of rather pitiful vanity in him to suffer it, and yet more pitiful to conceal his knowledge of it, in a letter to a friend, in which he talks of 'prejudice, scepticism, and folly, shrinking from the light of the sun that beams on the breast of the angel?' It is singular enough that Beattie's biographer should also

* When Sir Joshua was, some time afterwards, met by the king, who told him 'that he had been informed of the office that he was soon to be invested with, that of being made the mayor of his native town of Plympton,' the painter replied 'that it was an honour which gave him more pleasure than any other he had ever received in his life,' but, recollecting himself, added, 'except that which your majesty was graciously pleased to bestow upon me;' alluding to his knighthood.—P. 195.

have been ignorant of the painter's intention; though we can more easily give credit to the honesty of his ignorance, than of the Doctor's. To speak candidly, as at this distance of time we may well do, it was but a sorry invention in itself; and the painter should not altogether escape the censure which, we are sorry to say, must fall somewhat more heavily on the shoulders of Beattie. But the angry logician had done irreparable injury to the meek, enthusiastic, and benevolent poet; and we may now be suffered to lament that the years devoted to the 'Immutability of Truth,' were not passed in the calm, sequestered, and *truly* philosophical retreat of the 'Minstrel.' It gives us some pleasure to observe that the simple and honest mind of Goldsmith was, even then, impressed with feelings somewhat similar to our own at present.

'When Dr. Goldsmith called on Sir Joshua and saw this picture, he was very indignant at it, and remonstrated with him, saying, "It very ill becomes a man of your eminence and character, Sir Joshua, to condescend to be a mean flatterer, or to wish to degrade so high a genius as Voltaire before so mean a writer as Dr. Beattie; for Dr. Beattie and his book together will, in the space of ten years, not be known ever to have been in existence; but your allegorical picture, and the fame of Voltaire, will live for ever—to your disgrace as a flatterer."—P. 188.

It is not flattery, however, of which Sir Joshua deserved to be accused, but merely of having yielded in this instance to the influence of that polemical, that most anti-philosophical, spirit, which can never appear so justly the object of our aversion as when we see it prevailing over the natural benevolence and uprightness of such minds as Reynolds's and Beattie's.

In speaking of Goldsmith, we cannot avoid noticing a circumstance relating to his family, which our readers will be curious to hear. The only brother of Goldsmith's who is generally known to have survived him, was Maurice Goldsmith, who received the appointment of inspector of licenses at Dublin from the Duke of Rutland, when lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and has been now dead about fifteen years. In one of Oliver's letters to Maurice, is the following passage. 'You talked of being my only brother—I don't understand you. Where is Charles?' This question, as Mr. Northcote says, Maurice was then unable to answer; but Mr. N. *himself* answers it by relating the following particulars: viz. that

a friend of his, (Mr. N.'s) travelling in 1791 in the stage coach towards Ireland, 'was joined at Oswestry by a venerable looking gentleman, who, in the course of the morning, mentioned that his name was *Goldsmith*; when one of the party observed, that if he was going to Ireland, that name would be a passport for him. The stranger smiled, and asked the reason why? to which the other replied, that the memory of *Oliver* was embalmed among his countrymen. A tear glistened in the stranger's eye, who immediately answered, "I am his brother." The gentleman who had first made the observation on the name, looked doubtfully, and said, "He has but one brother living; I know him well." "True," replied the stranger, "for it may be said that I am risen from the dead, having been for many years supposed to be no longer in the land of the living. I am Charles, the youngest of the family. *Oliver* I know is dead; but of *Henry* and *Maurice* I know nothing."

To cut short a long story, of which we must refer to Mr. Northcote himself for the further particulars, Charles Goldsmith had, it seems, in early life, being of a roving disposition, strayed to London in the vain hope of participating in the grandeur which he supposed poor *Oliver* to be enjoying among the great circles of the British metropolis; but being very soon undeceived, 'proceeded, a poor adventurer, to *Jamaica*,' where he had since been fortunate enough to acquire some little property, and was then on his return to his native country, with the purpose of enquiring out the subsequent fortune, and the remaining individuals, of his family. *Maurice* was the only individual left, and the account of their meeting, which Charles afterwards transmitted to his stage coach companion, presents a most interesting and pathetic picture of genuine kindness of heart and family affection. We are sorry the tale ends here, and wish much to know how the poor old *Jamaica* adventurer ended his days, whether any of his own descendants are now living, and what are their circumstances; for we omitted to say that he had left a wife and children behind him in the West Indies, intending to send for them to Ireland when he should have succeeded in acquiring a comfortable settlement. These are questions which Mr. Northcote has not been able to find the means of answering.

The latter part of Sir Joshua's life, during which Mr. Northcote was no longer an inmate of his house, does not of course furnish him with so much matter for original remark and anecdote as the former; and the passage which we principally regret that the contracted space of

our Review prevents us from inserting is, that which contains the opinion of Mr. Northcote himself on Sir Joshua's general character as a painter. But none of those who, from the nature of their professional pursuits, are most particularly interested in this character, will be long without personal reference to a work which on so many accounts claims the painter's regard and attention. To the general reader, we are obliged in justice to add, that the multiplicity of the materials of which this work is composed, the great want of order and arrangement in their distribution, and the little discernment which the author appears to have possessed, (on all subjects in which his art was not immediately concerned) of what is really worth recording, and what is too trifling, or too dull, or too hackneyed to convey any portion of interest, must of necessity render its perusal a task of some irksomeness and insipidity.

The analyses of Sir Joshua's lectures, with which the memoir of his life is interspersed, are, (we have no doubt) worthy the attention even of those who are already well acquainted with the originals. It is impossible that one eminent artist, in discussing the opinions and principles of another, should fail to throw upon them new light and additional importance. The miscellaneous papers at the end of the volume we have no room to notice any farther than by observing, that, however useful or interesting some parts of their contents may also prove to the professional, and however amusing to the general reader, we cannot approve of the conformity to a too prevalent custom of these book-making times, which has induced their author to append them to a work which ought to be complete in itself, and unincumbered with such a load of entirely irrelevant matter.

ART. III.—*Tableau de la Littérature Française, pendant le Dix-huitième siècle.* Londres: Chez Colburn, 1813.

De la Littérature Française pendant le dix-huitième siècle. D'après la seconde Edition de Paris. A Londres: Chez Dulau, 1813.

Mr. COLBURN, and M. Dulau, have rendered an acceptable service to the public by re-printing in London this characteristic Sketch of French Literature during the

eighteenth Century. It presents us with a sort of brief abstract of the intellectual causes which conspired to produce that turn of thinking in the eighteenth century, particularly on religious, moral, metaphysical, and political subjects, which alienated the reason and the sympathies of the people from the existing civil and ecclesiastical institutions; and, finally, occasioned the revolution by which they were overwhelmed. The French revolution, therefore, incontestably proves the mighty influence which is possessed amongst the civilized nations of Europe, by an order of men who, in a political point of view, hardly ever entered into the calculations of government, or were considered of any moment or interest as a distinct part of the state. We mean the men of letters, who may be called the intellectual aristocracy of a country, and before which, at least where the press is in any degree free, the aristocracy of wealth and rank, considered merely as such, and separated from the frequent concomitant of superior mental illumination, must finally hide their diminished heads, and yield the palm of victory. Ever since the invention of printing, which rendered books more cheap, and of course more widely diffused and more generally read, those persons, who have made literature their pursuit and have devoted themselves to it, either as the means of procuring subsistence or of obtaining renown, have been gradually increasing till during the last, or perhaps the latter part of the preceding century they began to constitute a distinct class of society; and, if we may so express it, to perform the office of thinking for the rest of the community. From this period public opinion became by a slow but very effective process, more and more subject to their controul; and the influence of a more artificial aristocracy, except as far as the men of letters were marshalled in its ranks, imperceptibly declined, or was vigorously counteracted by a force to which all resistance was ultimately vain.

If matter be subject to mind, or if that portion of matter in which there is most intellectual power, be essentially higher in the scale of being than that in which there is less, then it appears certain that that class of the community, which is constituted of men of letters, must finally influence the volition, and consequently more or less controul the conduct of the rest of the community. Physical strength is only brute agency, unless under the direction of moral force; but, where moral force can apply its power of exaltation to physical strength, it is indefinitely increas-

ed; and in particular circumstances becomes irresistible. Enthusiasm is one of the exalting and aggrandizing powers which Mind, in favourable circumstances, can communicate to what may be called the material strength of individuals. For the religious or political enthusiasm, or enthusiasm of any other kind, which has wrought such mighty effects in particular regions and periods of the world, has usually been in its origin the impulsion of some commanding mind, or minds, which set in violent motion or impassioned activity the less reflective mass of the community. "

Though the men of letters in France, who were instrumental in producing a turn of thinking, which, when it became general, excited such a violent concussion of new opinions against established institutions as accelerated the revolution, were very numerous; yet we may select three or four of transcendent intellectual capacity, to whom the rest were in a great measure subordinate; and who were, though not exclusively, yet principally active in dissipating the congregated host of ancient prepossessions, and in preparing the way for a new order of things. Amongst those minds of the highest class, who were thus particularly instrumental in accelerating the pace of the revolution, the author particularly specifies the names of Voltaire, of Rousseau, of Montesquieu, and of Buffon. Of these four intellectual agents, whose powerfully contributed to excite the spirit of opposition, and to multiply the opponents to the ancient institutions of the French, the influence of Voltaire embraced the widest circumference, and operated with more or less vivacity of impression or extent of effect on a multitude of all classes from the prince to the scavenger. Rousseau had not so many admirers as the philosopher of Ferney; but his votaries were generally men of a more impassioned temperament; and, what the citizen of Geneva wanted in numbers, was supplied by enthusiasm. The fifth-monarchy men were hardly greater zealots than some of those disciples whose principles were nurtured and whose sentiments were sublimed in his school. What Buffon wrote tended particularly to impress the more strictly philosophical part of the community: but it helped to discredit the system of Moses, and to disturb the creed of Christendom. The writings of Montesquieu, in the then state of things in France, had a strong revolutionary tendency; and contrary, probably, to the belief, or concealed from the consciousness of the writer, they disgusted no small number of persons with

the existing political institutions of their country, and excited a vague and indefinite desire of liberty, which, when it had once got rid of a system of oppression, did not well know what to substitute in its place. In political changes nothing is more pernicious than a restless solicitude after some phantom of abstract perfection without any definite object of pursuit, which, though terminating in imperfection, may nevertheless comprise a great aggregate of practical political good. The Spirit of Laws, helped to put in motion a great mass of the thinking power in France on the high subjects of government; and the comparisons, which it excited, probably led many to speculate on some airy scheme of policy which might eclipse all the codes for the distribution of political power, and for the preservation of liberty, which had been known in any period of the world.

The writers, whom we have mentioned, with their numerous auxiliaries and partisans, all panting for change, or teeming with hopes of halcyon days, when philosophy should be paramount over every obstacle, ultimately combined an aggregate of force in opposition to the old establishments, both civil and ecclesiastical, in France. The American revolution proved the mean of giving a forcible impulsion, and a vigorous activity to the mass of discordant opinions which had been long collecting in that country against the then order of things; and the deficit in the taxes occasioned by the American war, and either aided by the improvidence of Neckar, or rendered incurable by the prodigality of the queen, completed the catastrophe.

We will now exhibit some specimens of the author's sentiments on some of the great men whose writings had a powerful effect in bringing on the revolution. The following is part, but only part, of what the author says on Voltaire. We have not room for more.

Voltaire was endowed by nature with astonishing faculties. So much force of mind could not be entirely the product of education and circumstances. But it would not be possible to prove that the employment of this talent was constantly directed by the opinions of his time; and that the desire of success and of applause, which is the first motive of almost all writers, influenced Voltaire in every period of his life.

The French is,

« cependant ne serait-il pas possible de montrer que l'emploi de ce talent fut constamment dirigé par les opinions du temps, et que le besoin de réussir et de plaire, premier mobile de presque tous les écrivains a guidé Voltaire dans tous les momens de sa vie. »

We must confess that we cannot precisely define what this means; and we must here remark that we have found some other passages in this work which are equally vague and indeterminate. Even the best of the Gallic literati occasionally resort to the notable contrivance of treating their readers with phrases instead of ideas, and with sound instead of sense. But to proceed with our author's remarks on the character and writings of Voltaire. 'At the same time no one was more susceptible of such impressions.' (The reader will perhaps ask what impressions? and we can only tell him that we suppose the writer means '*les opinions du temps, et le besoin de réussir et de plaire*;' but how the *besoin de réussir et de plaire* can properly be called an impression, we do not see. But we must not stay strictly to scrutinize the sense or the accuracy of particular phrases in this or in any other French work. We will therefore pursue our course.)

'His genius appears to me to exhibit the singular phenomenon of a man who is frequently deprived of that faculty of the mind which we call reflection, whilst he is, at the same time, pre-eminently endowed with the faculty of feeling and of expressing what he feels, with extraordinary vivacity.'

That we may not do any injustice to the author in the remarks which we are going to make on the above, we will first quote it in the original.

'Son génie présent à ce qu'il nous semble, ce singulier phénomène d'un homme le plus souvent dépourvu de cette faculté de l'esprit qu'on nomme réflexion, et en même temps doué, au plus haut degré, de la *faculté de sentir* et d'exprimer avec une merveilleuse vivacité.'

We have no objection to the author's calling reflection a faculty of the mind, though we should rather term it an operation, particularly if we consider the mind as one and indivisible; but we cannot admit his '*faculté de sentir*,' his *faculty of sensation*. For a faculty is that which we may exercise upon deliberation or choice, or in which voluntariness is more or less concerned; as in moving the tongue and talking on a given subject, or moving the legs and walking to a given point; but, sensation is not a *faculty* of this kind, for it has no dependence upon the will. Our sensibility is not optional. We cannot exert it as we will, and when we will; possess it at one time, and keep it in suspense or abeyance at another. We cannot feel according as we are inclined, nor help feeling what we may be disinclined to feel. Sensation, therefore, is not, as the author seems to think, a *faculty* of the mind.

The author goes on to tell us that this *faculty* which Voltaire had 'de sentir et d'exprimer avec une merveilleuse vivacité,' was

'undoubtedly the cause of his success and of his defects. This mode of considering every thing only in one point of view, and of yielding to the actual sensation which an object excites, without heeding those which it may occasion in other circumstances, filled the writings of Voltaire with numerous contradictions, caused him often to deviate from justice and from reason, and proved injurious to the plan of his works and to their perfect unity.'

We have rendered the above more clear than it is in the original, but it is still rather indefinite and obscure. We rather conjecture what the author means, than see it distinctly determined or perspicuously developed. The first beauty of writing is perspicuity; and this beauty is combined with the highest degree of usefulness; for no literary work can be useful except in proportion as it is intelligible. But some of the sentences in this writer are almost as vague and indefinite as some of the responses of an heathen oracle. The fact is, that he has become obscure by an elaborate endeavour to appear deeper than he is. But a very shallow stream may sometimes appear deep where the bottom is muddy, or where the surface is darkened by some contiguous shade. The writer of this 'Tableau,' has marred many of his remarks by endeavouring to seem profound where he is only shallow and superficial. Profundity is not his characteristic excellence, though he has painfully toiled to make us mistake the affectation for the reality. The writer is certainly often acute and discriminating; but we can seldom bestow upon him any higher praise.—Having said thus much on the work before us, we will now resume the remarks of the writer on the character of Voltaire, and prosecute them without any farther interruption, though even part of the following would furnish us with sufficient specimens of *verbiage*, or of phrases to which no definite ideas are annexed.

'Mais cet abandon entier à son impression, cette impétuosité de sentiment, cette irritabilité si délicate et si vive, a produit ce pathétique, cet entraînement irresistible, cette verve d'éloquence ou de plaisanterie, cette grâce continuelle qui découle d'une facilité sans bornes; et quand la raison et la vérité viennent à être revêtues de ces brillans dehors, alors elles acquièrent le charme le plus séduisant; il semble qu'elles naissent sans effort, toutes brillantes d'une lumière directe et naturelle, et leur interprète laisse loin derrière lui tous ceux qui les recher-

chent péniblement par le jugement, la comparaison et l'expérience.'

'Voltaire would certainly have been more modest and reserved if, instead of bursting into fame in the commencement of his career, his success had been more gradual and he had not all at once acquired such a degree of celebrity as made him courted by men of the highest rank and fortune. The style of his early productions shows that he was not born with any remarkable independence of mind. In some of them we discern that levity of principle and frivolity of thought on every subject which his contemporaries possessed in such a high degree; but nevertheless we may trace something humble and even like courtly deference to every species of authority. But when the young author, intoxicated by the applause which his dramatic writings had inspired, and still more by the flattering familiarity of the great, perceived that he had imposed superfluous restraints upon his licentiousness; and that the more he made a joke of every thing the more he was sure to please those by whose friendship he felt himself honoured, he gradually threw off the reserve which he had at first practised, and had the effrontery to treat every subject with irreverence. Such is the species of progression which is particularly visible in his fugitive poetry, those master-pieces of elegant trifling, in which we are incessantly struck with the seductive and dangerous contrast between the weighty seriousness of the subject, and the airy frivolity of the execution, but in which there is, at the same time, a show of reason and of truth.'

The author remarks that Voltaire was the first person who, in his writings, professed an admiration of the English. But he supposes that Voltaire and others who praised England, did it only as a covert means of blaming France. Few authors have written on such a variety of subjects as Voltaire; and perhaps few have altogether written so well. Nor is it hardly possible to read a page of his voluminous works without being convinced that we are conversing with a man of high intellectual powers and great copiousness and diversity of information. If we are not made wise by his reflections we are dazzled by his wit, and where his wit flags there is no dearth of thought. The exuberance of his ideas does not terminate in barrenness; and his prodigality does not occasion want. His mind appeared to the last to be a reservoir incapable of exhaustion.

The author of this work first endeavours to estimate the merits of Voltaire as a tragic writer. Here he stands on lofty ground; and there are few whose heads tower above his. In his tragic compositions, though he is often

too declamatory, yet he often shows himself in possession of the master keys of the human heart. *Zaïre*, is mentioned as the first successful effort of his dramatic genius. The beauties of *Zaïre*, which are characterized not only by brilliancy but by rapture, may be truly said to render us insensible to its defects. The *Zaïre* of Voltaire has not

‘the perfect versification of Racine, nor its honeyed melody; it does not exhibit the same scrupulous nicety in the tissue of the plot and in the gradation of the interest. It has not the lofty imagination or dignified simplicity of Corneille; and yet there is in it a something which is wanting in other tragedians, and which we cannot help wishing that they possessed. There is an impassioned glow, an unaffected negligence, a sentimental rapture, which hurries us down the stream of emotion, with a grace which enchants the taste and captivates the heart. We are convinced that a man, who produced such verses must have had an imagination instinct with fire; and, if any thing can give us an idea of an author who was a victim to the delirium of passion and of poetry, it is such a work as the *Zaïre*. Even when we take it to pieces and scrutinize it with minute deliberation, it is impossible not to be struck with the energy, the facility, and the grace which are resplendently visible in the tragedies of Voltaire.’

The fugitive poetry of Voltaire is not without its peculiar charms.

‘One of its principal merits, and which particularly heightens its interest, is, that it serves to make us acquainted with the thoughts and sentiments of the author. We love to see poetry lend its blandishments to real impressions. In many cases it is only a vain jingle of words. But here we trace the sentiments of Voltaire from his infancy to the closing evening of his life. He made his verse the interpreter of what he thought and felt.’

In the first historical effort of Voltaire, the subject was happily chosen and as happily executed. His hero was

‘the most romantic and most enterprising of sovereigns. As reflection had little to do with the life of the king of Sweden, it would have been out of its place in the detail of his achievements. What was wanting was rapidity in the narrative and force in the colouring. Profound knowledge of men and nice discrimination of character were not very necessary in delineating a sovereign who shewed himself without disguise. There were no grand conceptions to criticise, no secret motives to disclose; for Charles was all in all in his acts. His historian had only to paint; and painting was one of the talents of Voltaire.’

Notwithstanding the splendour of the reign of Louis XIV, the history is far from interesting us so much as that of the Swedish sovereign.

'It has less unity. It is more complex: it comprehends more personages, more causes, more objects. The facts are not the immediate result of individual passion and character. It is less dramatic, and has less hold on the imagination.'

The author remarks that Voltaire, in his history of the reign of Louis XIV, directing his attention exclusively to its victories, its literature and its arts, paid no regard to the character of the government and administration of the sovereign.

'He did not remark that perhaps there is no epoch in the French history in which more important changes took place in the manners of the people, in their social relations and in the ancient spirit of the constitution.' 'Our unbounded admiration,' says he, 'for the reign of Louis XIV, is owing to the brilliant colouring of Voltaire. He made us forget that a king has other duties to perform besides those of acquiring glory for his people. This was not the opinion which was entertained of Louis XIV in the period immediately subsequent to his death; when the delusion of prejudice had been dissipated by the noxious policy and calamitous events of his reign. This had been followed by a strong and even exaggerated feeling of resentment. Voltaire was the first to weaken the general, and, in some measure, unmerited sentiment of disaffection to the memory of this king.' * * *

Voltaire

'lived at a time when there was a great want of morals, at least in the superior ranks of society; and morality was no object of his respect. Envy and malevolence assailed him with weapons drawn from the armoury of religion, though religion was no longer revered even by those whose peculiar province it was to defend it. He regarded it only as a means of persecution. The government of his country was without energy, without respect; which it did nothing to acquire; and he was ambitious of independence and prone to opposition. This was the real source of his opinions.'

This reasoning appears to us rather vague and inconclusive. Nor is the statement corroborated by facts. The author's remarks on Voltaire, though occasionally acute, do not altogether seem the product of a very vigorous intellect.

The author says that it is the Persian letters of Montesquieu, in which we more particularly discern

'that temerity of research, that propensity to paradox, those criticisms on manners, laws, institutions, and, if we may so express it, that libertinism of opinion, which are at once proofs of

the vivacity, force, and inconsideration of his mind. In this work religion is not treated with any more respect. Under the transparent veil of pleasantries levelled against the Mahometan faith, or even by more direct attacks, Montesquieu labours to turn into ridicule the whole method of theological reasoning, and doctrinal creeds of every kind. It may even be said that there is more bitterness in the raillery of Montesquieu than in that of Voltaire; and that it is capable of producing more mischief; for it is more often a direct attack upon principles.'

The following remarks upon the writings of Montesquieu, evince as much discrimination as we usually find in this writer.

'His books discover a vivacity and animation which study and reflection could hardly restrain within due bounds. As soon as an idea takes the form of an image, or particular facts may be thrown into picture, Montesquieu is easily induced to exhibit them in this point of view. His mind had an invincible fondness for brilliant and poetical conceptions, whilst his pursuits and his circumstances led him to devote himself to questions of morality, of policy, and of government. All the works of Montesquieu manifest traces of this double direction of his mind.'

Montesquieu was certainly always studious of truth. Truth was the object which he constantly sought; but, if he never wilfully deviated from truth, he often involuntarily lost sight of plain sense in a certain injudicious fondness to give his sentences an epigrammatic turn, or to produce a picturesque effect. The author very justly says that the march of genius is not tardy and circuitous, but prompt and direct: that hence general ideas almost exclusively occupy its attention; and that it readily supposes a capacity 'to comprehend and modify what it says, so as to render it true and applicable in every particular circumstance.' Some other remarks which the author makes on the writings of Montesquieu as well as on those of other persons amongst the *gens de lettres* of the eighteenth century, prove that he was impressed, at the time, with a profound reverence for the new imperial government which has arisen out of the vortex of the revolution. The revolution itself is mentioned with execration, not more from an abhorrence of its crimes, which it is meritorious to feel, but as an indirect means of paying court to the tyranny of Bonaparte; which, if it quelled the republican ferment, has nevertheless only substituted one tyranny for another. Under such a jealous despotism, as that of Napoleon, it is in vain to expect that any person,

writing within the precincts of Paris, or indeed of the great empire, will dare to speak what he thinks on political subjects; or to let his pages glow with any thing like a love of liberty. The terror, with which the sceptre of Bonaparte is beheld by the French nation, may be traced in several passages in the present work: and indeed in all the vapid products of the French press in which there is any show of political remark. The direct tendency of despotism is to benumb all the faculties of the soul; and till the present tyranny of Napoleon is moderated or destroyed it is vain to expect in French writers any bold and manly sentiments, or any generous expression of sympathy in favour of the freedom of France or of mankind.

Rousseau occupies a prominent place in this *Tableau de la Littérature Française*: but the character of that great but eccentric genius has for some time been well understood, and the present remarks do not add much to the elucidation. Rousseau is mentioned as possessing a character more distinct and original than that of all his literary contemporaries. Whilst the character of others is modified by the society in which they live and by the manners and opinions which form a sort of moral atmosphere around them, Rousseau appeared to be affected by this influence less than other men. It seemed to operate upon him in an opposite direction. His mind seemed to imbibe not a resemblance to those around him, but rather 'something more individual, and consequently more persuasive and profound.' His language abounds with 'force, enthusiasm, emotion,' and his philosophy is at least recommended by 'eloquence and sentiment.' The vanity of Rousseau, unlike that of other authors, instead of scintillating without, retired, as if for more powerful concentration, to the inmost recesses of his soul, where it harassed him with perpetual inquietude and for ever troubled his repose. This vanity could never be sufficiently gratified. It was an incessant craving; and at last disordered his understanding. He thought himself of sufficient consequence to have all civilized Europe conspire to thwart his views or hasten his end. The author says that 'he felt the duties of life only as a chain,' by which his liberty was oppressed. The discharge of the common offices of life had no interest for a person of his ardent temperament; and thus, though he possessed great sublimity of sentiment, he seems to have been destitute of any personal benevolence. Virtue was painted in her highest lustre and her most captivating form in the focus of his imagination; but

beyond that region, there was only a dark void, where none of the charities were seen. Our author says of this prodigy of eloquence, for such he certainly was,—that

‘the life which he led was a tissue of egotism: that the pleasures which he sought had always something exclusive and solitary; that he never sacrificed his interest except to his pride; that he was envious of every thing which he did not possess and which he often had made no effort to obtain; that even his affections had the impress of selfishness; and that what he loved, was for his own gratification rather than for that of the object.’

What can be said worse of any man? but we must leave it to others to determine whether it is deservedly said.

ART. IV.—*An Essay on the Character of Henry the Fifth, when Prince of Wales. By Alexander Luders, Esq.*
London: Cadell, 1813, 8vo. 5s.

‘I SHALL endeavour,’ says Mr. Luders, in the commencement of this agreeable and instructive essay, ‘to regain the truth of history for the character of this great prince in his youth, because it has been hidden in obscurity, or represented in fable. Not having been able to find sufficient authority for the wanton and dissolute character assigned to him in the plays of Shakespear, and that older play which he seems to have followed, I suspect that they are almost as fabulous as Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*. What is to be found in real and authentic history is so inconsistent with those scenes, that I believe, if one of that generation could revive, and behold the person represented on our stage for young Henry of Monmouth, he would be as much puzzled to know him there, as to trace Daphne in the laurel. Yet the earliest chroniclers of those times agree in their story of the young man’s excesses; although they relate no particular facts, as some of their followers do.

‘Theatrical and poetical perversions of history are, indeed, very common, and being generally innocent are forgiven or unnoticed. Either the audience and readers are not knowing enough to discover them, or their effect is not lasting; and they are seldom carried so far as to give a wrong turn to our judgment of well-known events or characters. But in the present instance, the fame and genius of the poet, and the popularity of his scenes, have perverted our national history in an important article: so deeply, that I fear it will be thought a vain attempt to shew his error and remove its impressions. I want to dispell

a mist that his delicate hand has made us wish to keep before our eyes; and must raise a contention between two great favourites of the nation, the prince and Shakespear. It shall be my study to carry it on without offending their admirers; to distinguish the prince of history from the prince of poetry, and the natural character from the work of art. And so to clean away the tarnish from one of the brightest ornaments of the English throne, that our hero's glory may become more splendid, without lessening the poet's fame.

'His character of Falstaff has been received, without any doubt, for a work of invention: but that of the dissolute young prince as his companion, has generally passed for true; not only with those who hear or read the plays, but with those also whose duty it is to inquire into the truth of what they relate, our historians. It is for them my correction is intended. But I would leave the theatre in full possession of its delight, and be ready to join its votaries there in exclaiming *Errare malim.*'

The above shows, in the author's own words, the design which he had in view in writing the present essay; and we must confess for our own parts that, though we took it up with great repugnance to be convinced that Shakespear had misrepresented the character of Henry V, when Prince of Wales, our conviction was complete before we laid it down, that the character of the prince has been grossly libelled by the poet and by the chroniclers from whom he drew his information.

Mr. Luders has proved in the most satisfactory manner that Prince Henry exhibited in very early life a character very different from that which is commonly imputed to him; and that his conduct and habits, instead of being in the highest degree disorderly and intemperate, were singularly distinguished by the opposite qualities.—The proof of the prince's early profligacy rests primarily on a passage in the life of Henry the Fifth, by Thomas Elmham, prior of Lenton, who was contemporary both with Henry the Fourth, and his son, but who survived both. This Thomas Elmham, discoursing '*of the prince's natural temper and disposition, and behaviour in his youth,*' describes him

'as much given to lasciviousness, and very fond of musical instruments. Passing the bounds of modesty and burning with the fire of youth, he was eager in the pursuit of Venus as of Mars. When not engaged in military exercises, he also indulged in other excesses, which unrestrained youth is apt to fall into.' . . .

He afterwards talks of his conduct at a more mature pe-

riod as '*presenting the sudden change of night into day, &c.* and, in another place, tells '*a tale of Henry the Fourth's calling his son to his bed-side, when at the point of death, in order to kiss and bless him as Isaac did Jacob, and of the prince's retiring to penitent reflection like the prodigal son.*' &c. &c. In this book of Elmham,

'Young Henry is made to retire to confession, after receiving the benediction, where "all alone, he revolves and brings back in bitterness of spirit, with sharp reflections and a contrite heart, the past years of his youth;" concluding with a fine speech of intended reformation, (*which none but the Muse could hear,*) and "shedding a river of tears that flowed the whole day." At night, and while the stream still flowed, he finds out a holy man to give him absolution, from whence he returns "decently adorned with a robe of virtues."

'Then comes on (after many wise sayings and doings of his) the feast of the coronation, in which the young man will not partake; for he resolutely betakes himself to fasting for three days and nights, that he may have time for reflecting coolly upon his exalted station. All which the author would have his readers believe upon the faith of *very credible testimony*, which had induced him to write it. Then, in the next chapter, (8th) the nobility, who were before afraid of his accession, appear to have undergone the same sort of conversion as he, and by the same sudden impulse; for they immediately make him an offer to swear allegiance, by a precipitate and unusual mark of regard and unprecedented ceremony, and are delighted to think of him for their king. Not a word here of his old companions, or of their dismissal.'

As the delineation of Prince Henry's juvenile character by succeeding chroniclers and historians may be ultimately traced to Elmham, as their primary source, there is less occasion to dwell on what they have said; for if what Elmham has reported on the subject can be shown on very probable grounds to have been false, it is not very likely that what later writers have advanced is true.

Mr. Luders has produced several particulars which tend to shake the credibility of Elmham, and to demonstrate the defect or the inaccuracy of his information. This writer appears to have been ignorant of some memorable transactions in the early life of Henry the Fifth, or while he was Prince of Wales. The first fact of this kind which Mr. Luders notices, is the singularly early period at which Henry was knighted. This honour was conferred upon him (June, 1399) in the twelfth year of his age by Richard II, who took him in his suite when he passed over

into Ireland, in order to subdue the insurgents in that country.

'The next mark of inattention,' says Mr. Luders, 'to his subject which I charge upon the author, is his manner of writing of the battle of Shrewsbury, although he ascribes the success of the day to our young hero. This, in my opinion, proves that he did not know his age. He could not have omitted to mention, as an addition to his praise, that he was then not sixteen years old, if he had known the fact: and not to know it is blameable ignorance in a writer of his life.'

In the year in which the battle of Shrewsbury was fought, the king appointed the prince to the high trust of his lieutenant in Wales, in order to prosecute the war against Glendower.

'In executing this commission, he appears to have been active and diligent, and to have given proof of great abilities attended with success, of which there are records remaining. The reader of this part of his life in Elmham, will have only a faint and very imperfect idea of his merit, and will be led by the style to suppose that he was in the full vigour of manhood at this time.'

When we consider the youthful period at which this difficult and momentous enterprize was confided to Prince Henry, it furnishes a most decisive proof that his conduct at that time could not have been such as to have incurred the reproof or excited the displeasure of his father. Instead of having been, according to the common accounts, a tissue of levity, improvidence, and profligacy, or a wild career of folly and of crimes, it must have been remarkable for serious attention to the duties of his station; and for a steadiness of conduct by which the youth of princes is seldom characterised. Mr. Luders has inserted in this essay a letter which Prince Henry wrote to his father in order to acquaint him with the victory which he had gained over superior numbers in the second year of his command in Wales. It is not a little singular that this letter, though contained in Rymer's *Foedera* in the original French, has been left unnoticed by our historians. There is not only the absence of all ostentation in this letter, but it is pervaded by a tone of seriousness, very incompatible with the turn of mind which is usually but erroneously ascribed to Prince Henry in this season of his life. The following is Mr. Luders's translation of this valuable document.

"Most dread Sovereign, Lord, and Father,

"In the most humble manner that I may in my heart devise, I recommend myself to your royal majesty, humbly praying your gracious blessing. Most dread Sovereign Lord and Father,

I sincerely beseech God graciously to shew his providence towards you in all places : praise be to him in all his works ! For on Wednesday the 11th of this instant month of March, your rebels of the parts of Glamorgan, Morgannock, Usk, Netherwent, and Overwent, drew together to the number of 8000 men by their own account ; and went in the morning of the same day, and burnt part of your town of Grosmont within your Lordship of Monmouth and Jennoia.

* only my well beloved cousin the Lord Talbot, and the little troop of my household ; and there joined them your brave and faithful knights, William Newport and John Greindre, who made but a very small power altogether. But true it is that *the victory is not in the multitude of people*, (and thus was it well seen there) *but in the might of the Lord*.

" And there by the aid of the blessed Trinity, your men won the field, and overcame all the said rebels ; of whom they slew in the field, by fair reckoning upon our return from the pursuit, some say eight hundred, and some one thousand, being questioned upon pain of death. Nevertheless, be it one or the other in this account, I will not dispute.

" And to give you full information of the whole affair, I send you a person worthy of credit therein, one of my faithful servants the bearer hereof, who was in the battle and very satisfactorily performed his duty, as he has ever done.

" Now such amends hath God ordained you for the burning of four houses in your town aforesaid. And no prisoners were taken except one who was a great chieftain among them, whom I would have sent to you, but that he is not yet able to bear the journey."

" And with respect to the course I propose to hold hereupon, please your highness to give entire credence to the bearer hereof, in what he will himself inform your highness on my part. And pray God ever keep you in joy and honour, and grant that I may shortly have to comfort you with more good news.

" Written at Hereford, the said Wednesday at night.

" Your most humble and obedient Son,

" HENRY."

Though Prince Henry is almost universally represented as having incurred the ill-will of his father by his vicious and licentious conduct, yet this supposition appears to be totally destitute of truth. For facts, which are the most cogent arguments, demonstrate that Henry IV, instead of evincing any relaxation of regard for his son, or any want of confidence in his virtue, sedateness or diligence, gave him the strongest proofs both of his confidence and regard. Thus in March, 1410,

'Prince Henry was made Warden of the Cinque Ports, and soon after Captain of Calais, upon the death of the Earl of Somerset. This was a greater appointment and more important trust than that of Lieutenant of Wales; and the then uncertain state of peace or war with France doubled its importance.'

'The Captainship of Calais might be called the best thing in the king's gift, if emolument and power were in view. It was this station that enabled the Earl of Warwick in the next generation, to turn the fate of the kingdom, and to make and unmake kings.'

Mr. Luders refers to several other documents which incontestably prove, that the prince, instead of being an object of his father's distrust or disapprobation, had a high place in his confidence and esteem, and was a constant object of his favour and beneficence.

The conduct of the prince in civil, does not appear to have been less distinguished than in military matters. His capacity and his diligence were as exemplary in the cabinet as in the field; and there are several traits which exalt our ideas of his justice and humanity in a political point of view. That part of Mr. Luders's essay, which is entitled 'of the prince's conduct in state affairs,' contains sufficient details to establish the character of the prince as a politician.

Mr. Luders has examined with much diligence of research and nicety of observation the common stories relative to the excesses and misconduct of Prince Henry. Mr. Luders thinks that the story of his *striking the judge*, 'came from the stage and play books into the history books,' as he says that he 'can find none of them in which this choice morsel is preserved more ancient than the coarse old play of Henry the Fifth.'

'This adventure,' says the author, 'afforded a droll pantomimical scene for vulgar entertainment in that play. The actor of the clown's part there being a great favourite of the audience, and the piece a popular one; as Malone has shewn, though Steevens had imagined the contrary.* It has the following title, "The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable battle of Agin-court, as it was acted by the Kinges Majesties servants." I use the collection of *Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded his*, &c. by Nicholls 1779. We are not told when it was first printed. *The King's Majesty* in the title page of the edition followed there, proves

* Reed's Shakesp. V. 3. p. 363, and V. 12. p. 262.

that to be of James the First's time. Mr. Malone's industry has found in the books of the Stationers' Company, an order for printing it in 1594;* which is earlier than the printing of Shakespear's Henry IV. and V. But it was a play acted and well known before 1588; for Tarlton the favourite actor mentioned above, is related to have been clown and chief justice in it, and he died in that year.† Therefore though Holinshed's Chronicle was printed in 1573, the probability is in favour of the priority of the play. The internal evidence of its language and manners confirms it strongly, though the spelling and many phrases have been modernized. But such stuff as this piece consists of, could not have been composed for the stage, even by the clown himself, after Shakespear's had got abroad.

Mr. Luders produces a sample of the play of 'the famous victories of Henry the Fifth.' The Chroniclers, from whose works Mr. Luders has extracted various passages respecting the early profligacy of the prince, appear to have shown more fondness for what is marvellous than for what is true. The following little trait of Caxton in his additions to the Polychronicon is very characteristic of the disposition of the writers of chronicles to stimulate attention or to gratify curiosity with other ingredients than those of truth. Caxton says,—'if I could have founde moo stories, I would have sette in it moo.' '*More stories,*' as Mr. Luders remarks, 'made the excellence of one above another.'

'The Chroniclers,' says the author, 'having once caught hold of the *new birth* of the penitent it was too good to be given up, and descended from one to another, as it were by unction. But Holinshed, writing while a popular comedy on the subject was in vogue, gave a general currency to the fable past all cure. Thus are chronicles compiled; and length of time, which helps to confound them all, serves also to make them venerable.'

Mr. Luders allows that the prince might, in some degree, have excited the ill will of his father; but, if this were the case, it was not by his licentiousness and debauchery, but by the lustre of his great and amiable qualities, and the popularity which they occasioned. The author remarks, that the reader might be startled if he were to maintain that the Prince of Wales was '*his father's favourite son,*' but that he could maintain this by a piece of evi-

* Reed's Shakesp. v. 2. pp. 122, 226, 291.

† Ib. v. 12. p. 262 and note to the title of Henry V. There appears to have been another play of Henry V. acted in 1597, that is lost to us.

dence of more unquestionable authority than any which has been adduced to prove that he was in a peculiar manner the object of his father's aversion, owing to his various immoralities.

'The will of Henry the Fourth, dated 21 Jan. 1408, (1409 N. S.) after the prince had left his command in Wales, and may be supposed to have resided more in London and to have been guilty of irregularities, if ever he was, this will names him in an affectionate manner, and him only of all the children. The king particularly recommends to his care to provide for three of his servants who had deserved well; and then makes him his executor in the following words (in modern spelling.) "And for to execute this testament well and truly, for great trust that I have on my son the prince, I ordain and make him my executor of my testament foresaid, calling to him such as he thinketh in his discretion that can and will labour to the soonest speed of my will comprehended in this my testament, And to fulfil truly all things foresaid I charge my foresaid son upon my blessing."

We have thus put the reader in possession of the principal evidence by which Mr. Luders has shown that the character, which has been usually ascribed to Prince Henry before he came to the crown is, for the most part, a mere fabulous representation, and is disproved by indisputable facts. But though this essay demonstrates that the theatrical character of the prince by Shakspeare is a misrepresentation, it by no means deducts from the merit of the piece. For Shakspeare gave such a representation of the character as was agreeable to the common opinion; and common histories of his time; and, if he had given a different, he would not only have violated what was then considered as historical truth, but would have deprived his play of some of its most interesting scenes.

ART. V.—*Lives of Marcus Valerius Messala Corvinus, and Titus Pomponius Atticus. The latter from the Latin of Cornelius Nepos. With Notes and Illustrations; to which is added an Account of the Lives of the Five first Cæsars. By the Rev. Edward Berwick, Author of the Translation of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana.* Edinburgh: 1813;—for Longman and Co. (London) small 8vo. pp. 184. 7s.

CLASSICAL Biography, which Mr. Berwick has selected for the occupation of his pen, seems, at the first

view, to be a line of writing, that admits of little or no addition which can lay claim to novelty. The little volume now in our hands, whatever its literary merits may be, proves that such an opinion is not altogether well founded. We are presented in it with a memoir of a man, known indeed to all scholars, or all readers of general history, by name at least, of whom however no biographical sketch descended to the revivers of useful and elegant learning in Europe. Bayle, and all other compilers of biography, such at least as have completed their labours, are silent on the actions of Messala, and consequently all that we can know of one of the most distinguished actors on the political theatre of Rome, at the most interesting period of the history of that city, must be gleaned scrap by scrap from the incidental mention made of him, in writings that relate to the period when he lived, or in discussions of antient writers on literary subjects, where his name is cited to exemplify some peculiar species of excellence. In ancient history, and in ancient belles lettres, the name of Messala is never mentioned without respect, seldom without panegyric; it cannot be considered then as an useless occupation of the leisure of a literary man, to attempt, in the form of biographical narrative, to collect and arrange such notices of so celebrated a personage, as may be able, by a concentration of rays, to show the true colours of a character, on which only a few and scattered beams have hitherto shed but a partial light. As a gentleman, a scholar, an orator, and, we may add, as a practical moral philosopher, the subject of these memoirs never can be considered an un instructive model to the youth of any age or country; his claims to disinterested patriotism are, in our opinion at least, of a much more equivocal nature. Mr. Berwick would willingly decorate his hero with the insignia of this virtue, but it is the perpetual failing of biographers to become apologists and eulogists: it is possible also that there may be a radical difference in the opinions which our author and ourselves entertain of the composition of a true patriot. The Earl of Moira, is, it seems, by the dedication to this volume, the man, whose spotless patriotism is an example to his countrymen; for the sake of proceeding on good terms with our author, we will not, by stating our own political predilections, show a wish to controvert his, and that we may proceed in good temper together, we allow that Messala may have been much such another patriot as the object of the dedication. To an

artist who paints a Cleopatra or a Helen, we allow the license of designing according to his own imagination, what is most beautiful in the female form; the only restriction is, that should cotemporary writers uniformly have agreed in any one point, as in representing either the eye as black, or the hair as auburn, the fiction of the brush should not violate the tradition of history. Shall we not then call that Critic too fastidious, who would deny some such similar license to the author who is portraying mental qualifications? If this latter indulges in invention or contortion of facts, he is inexcusable; but if from an anxiety not to offer the mere skeleton of a character to our view, he attempts to fill up the deficiencies by describing the capacities and virtues of a mind, such as he infers them to have been *in general*, from the *particular* actions on record, the exercise of the biographer's judgment is surely as venial as the painter's exercise of imagination, and in case of successful delineation as commendable also. It is time to see what success in execution attends the present attempt.

Our author informs us that the idea of first collecting the scattered notices of the life of Messala was suggested to him by a note in Gibbon's history, in which that writer 'in his peculiar manner gives the leading features of it.' Mr. B. alludes, we presume, to a note at chap. 17, vol. 3, p. 46, of the octavo edition, where he, who refers, will read these words.

'The fame of Messala has been scarcely equal to his merit; in his earliest youth, he was recommended by Cicero to the friendship of Brutus; he followed the standard of the republic till it was broken in the fields of Philippi: he then accepted, and deserved the favour of the most moderate of the conquerors, and uniformly asserted his freedom and dignity at the court of Augustus. The triumph of Messala was justified by the conquest of Aquitaine; as an orator he disputed the palm of eloquence with Cicero himself. Messala cultivated every muse, and was the patron of every man of genius. He spent his evenings in philosophic conversations with Horace, assumed his place at the table between Delia and Tibullus, and amused his leisure by encouraging the poetical talents of young Ovid.'

This may be a very good specimen of Mr. Gibbon's 'peculiarity of manner,' but without offering an opinion here on the merits of that manner, we may be allowed to wish that, in this instance, he had sacrificed the alluring flowers of rhetoric to sober accuracy. In the first place, the expression '*in his earliest youth*,' is not merely vague, but, even if received with some latitude, hardly

justifiable. No one, surely, can read the commendatory letter of Cicero alluded to above, without presuming that Messala was at that time a tried man, and one who had occupied a very prominent station in politics and at the bar. It will also be recollected that Messala was included in the same bloody proscription with Cicero, which proscription caused the death of the latter very shortly after this letter appears to have been written. This affords another presumption, that before the introduction to Brutus, he had obtained some public eminence, or he would hardly have been marked out for such signal vengeance. We find likewise from Plutarch, that on Messala's arrival at the republican camp, he was entrusted with the command of a legion, a very serious trust indeed to repose in a man yet in 'his earliest youth.' We say little of the poetical flourish which informs us that 'Messala spent his evenings in philosophic conversations with Horace;' possibly he did so; but we know of nothing that favours such a presumption. On the contrary, the solitary invitation to Messala, which occurs in one of the odes, does not lead us to conclude that the intercourse was very constant. We 'do not quarrel with the expression that Corvinus took his place at the table between Delia and Tibullus;' here we are well assured of a friendship equally firm and creditable to both parties. But the greatest fault in this memorable note is the fault of omission, for, under the cover of a sonorous phrase, Mr. Gibbon has concealed the tergiversations of Messala, who not only deserted the fortunes of the republican party, and joined himself to Antony, but afterwards deserted Antony also to side with Augustus. Messala's fame as an orator, a soldier, and a man of every elegant acquirement fully entitles him to a niche in the gallery of fame; as an historian he is referred to by Plutarch frequently, and, if we recollect, by Suetonius more than once, as a person whose writings were entitled to high credit. His other labours in the field of literature, as in eloquence also, are duly and very highly appreciated by Tacitus and Quintilian. But Messala's conduct at two very memorable periods of his life, must always render the purity of his public conduct at least a subject of discussion. After the deaths of Brutus and Cassius the command of the republican party was tendered to Messala by the survivors of the partial defeat of Philippi: a question hence arises, whether the fortunes of this party were so desperate as to render Messala's rejection of this

offer not merely politic, but consonant to sound principles of humanity. But allowing that this refusal was justifiable on the double grounds above stated, it will be asked, whether it was not the duty of Messala to have retired altogether from public life, instead of countenancing, by his accession to their party, the subverters of the liberties of their country. O! but says Mr. Berwick, such a retirement might have been very unsafe—granted: and pray, Mr. Berwick, was it not very unsafe in Palafox, with a few ragged Arragonese, to risk the displeasure of the great French Leviathan, who, as we lately were taught to pray, was ready to swallow him up quick, so wrathfully was he displeased at him? Yet he did so, and by so doing, and thus acting in a cause then apparently desperate, he kept alive a spark, which rekindled to his country's freedom, though he may have perished in the attempt. Messala's conduct on this occasion *may* have been patriotic; much testimony on the subject is wanting to form a sound decision. On one point, however, the simple fact, unaccompanied with evidence, does enable us to pronounce judgment, it is this, if this Roman was a patriot, his patriotism was of the cool deliberative cast, and had none of that chivalrous romantic character which forcibly arrests the attention, and commands the admiration of mankind, while it often ensures success by the collateral impulse it excites in the exercise of its own energies. Messala had the alternative of suicide, so often resorted to by the vanquished great in Roman annals, and of which such splendid examples had been exhibited within the memory of a few weeks. This indeed was an alternative, which, on the principles of sound sense only, he did right to reject; but we confess it excited our smiles, when we read the apology entered for him by his biographer. 'Messala's *experience of the real situation of things* advised him against siding with the broken fortunes of the republic; and *his virtue*, we hope, against suicide.' It were cruel to check such comfortable hopes in a venerable divine, but he has read a great deal too much of Roman manners and morals to be ignorant that virtue was not likely to be the feeling consulted on such an occasion by a Roman patrician in the prime of life. The next period of Messala's life in which the purity of his conduct is equivocal, is one which relates more to private than public morality, we allude to his secession from the party of Antony, and accession to that of Augustus. History gives us no light to guide us in our

search after the true motives; but analogy would incline us to believe, that that sort 'of *experience of the real situation of things*,' as Mr. B. expresses himself, which has justified many a modern politician in the mutability of his political attachments, was not without its influence on this occasion. It would be very unfair to suppress the biographer's ideas on this occasion, and we are the more anxious to display them, as they contain a specimen of a new kind of logic, the use of which may be highly advantageous to many persons in public life. Mr. B. writes thus:

'It is not to be supposed, that Messala could relish the dissolute life, which Antony led in the east, and this is an opinion we might have formed, *even had we not had the event to confirm the truth*, which tells us, he was at last so disgusted with his servile meanness to the Egyptian queen, that some time before the battle of Actium, he warmly espoused the interests of Caesar, which he continued to support during the remainder of his life.'

This new logic, it will be observed, assumes as an axiom that Messala, like the monarch abstractedly considered in our constitution, was incapable of acting wrong, and therefore Messala proves that his motives of leaving Antony were pure, by leaving him. A summary mode of proof enough: and to place this line of reasoning, by which an event proves a motive, in the most familiar view, we had better suppose a case. A nobleman or other public man of presumed sound whig principles, a friend of the people, a patron of the oppressed, is on a sudden found to have acted in a manner altogether at variance with the public opinion formed respecting him. Now according to the logic in use at the universities in our older times, the premises elicited from this fact would lead to the conclusion, that the supposed patriot had been guilty of a mean tergiversation from his former principles. But Mr. Berwick's new system of *proof by event*, teaches us, not that the conduct of the agent was wrong, but the system of action on which he previously went, independent of any abstract idea of right and wrong, is proved to be erroneous by his desertion of it.

Fortunately for Messala some actions of his have descended to posterity, in which he proved an integrity of conduct and independence of action under Augustus,*

* An instance of this nature occurs in the passage in Gibbon, which gives rise to the note of which we have made mention. Gibbon draws his

which will go much farther to obliterate the impressions made by his conduct at the two periods of his life to which we have referred, than the apologies or the logic of his biographer. We should not have entered into the question of the patriotism of Messala, which may seem to some readers to belong more to the province of school declamation, than of periodical criticism; but for two reasons, the one because it afforded us an opportunity of showing something of Mr. Berwick's manner of treating so essential a point of character; the other, and the principal one, that we might add one more example in proof of the very exaggerated idea, which many well-meaning persons entertain of Roman patriotism in general. To call this noble feeling 'the Roman virtue,' as in the course of our critical career we have seen it called, does indeed to us appear one of the most ridiculous things on earth; and is an expression much better suited to a school-boy composing his theme, with a string of hackneyed examples at his finger's ends, than to a reader and digester of history. By their union against external foes, the Romans became masters of the world; but in this spirit of union, they have been equalled, though not with the same successful result, by other nations. They have likewise, as other countries have also, the names of some distinguished personages to record, who have sacrificed life and property for the land of their birth: but candour must confess that in no country have so many instances occurred of persons breaking through all the sacred ties of citizenship for the purpose of personal aggrandizement. This undoubtedly is a calamity to which republican forms of government always must be subject; but in Rome the recurrence of it was perpetual. And is this patriotism? After all, if we examine the lives of those

information from Tacitus, *Annal. lib. 6. cap. 11*—but the words of Tacitus are of a very ambiguous meaning. 'Primus Messala Corvinus eam potestatem (præfecti urbis) et paucos intra dies finem accepit, quasi nescius exercendi.' Gibbon says that Messala resigned this office from a very honourable motive; which he explains. Gordon, the translator of Tacitus, on the contrary, renders the passage thus: 'Messala was dismissed from this office in a few days, as a man incapable of exercising its duties.' From a consideration of the style of Tacitus, we should not hesitate to interpret the words 'quasi nescius exercendi,' as Mr. Gibbon has done, 'considering the office a dishonourable one' (we quote from memory only); but the words 'finem accepit,' savour more of Gordon's translation, and do not look like *voluntary resignation*. It should be added, that Gibbon has strong authority in his favour, that of Eusebius, who, although so late a writer, as hardly to be called a writer of antiquity, is no mean testimony.

persons among them, who claim the highest honours for this virtue, we shall find that a very great majority of them *exercised* it only negatively, by which we mean, that having the power to disturb the tranquillity of the state they refrained from doing so.

To return to Messala—our readers will find many interesting anecdotes of him in Plutarch's life of Brutus, which have been of course placed under requisition for this volume. Shakspeare in his 'Julius Cæsar' draws from Plutarch's notices of Messala, in the words which he puts into the mouth of that character. Either the translation which came within his reach was a very garbled one, or he wrote from memory of what he had read, as there is much unnecessary transposition of facts without any advantage in dramatic effect; but there are many parts, especially that between Cassius and Messala, which may be traced to the source we have mentioned. But it is time that we close our observations, as the importance of this little volume will not justify us in extending them much farther.

Mr. Berwick has filled up an hiatus in classical biography. He seems to be well versed in the Latin writers of the best ages, and though few writers have imposed upon themselves a less laborious task, he has not been idle in searching for such collateral information as might suit his purpose. As he states that he is compiling some more lives on a similar plan, we will point out some possible improvement, in case he may choose to avail himself of the hint. In the work before us the passages which are taken from authors or translators remain in their own words, although perhaps they form a part of the general narration; this produces a strange farrago of style, and shows a great want of neatness and finish in the department of the literary joiner. Nor is the awkwardness of style the only fault arising from this neglect, for it breaks in upon that continuity of narrative, which is necessary to preserve the interest of biographical composition. We are fully aware how difficult it is to preserve the chain perfect in a life which is made up of fragments, but the nearer the approach to this excellence is, the greater is the merit of the execution. In the next place we could wish that our author would always consult original works, and not rest contented with translators, as he occasionally does. Where translators disagree, he might offer his own interpretation, or place the passage itself in the marginal

notes. Some other hints he possibly may collect from other parts of this article.

As the life of Pomponius Atticus is a translation from Cornelius Nepos, we conceive it unnecessary to examine it here. There are some entertaining notes attached. The same reason is sufficient for not entering on the genealogical account of the Cæsars.

ART. VI.—*Sicily and its Inhabitants. Observations made during a Residence in that Country. By W. H. Thompson, Esq. London: Colburn, 1813, 4to, £1. 11s. 6d.*

WE have several books of travels in Sicily, and from the present state of our connection with that country, are likely to have many more; and much of the information, which is contained in one, must be expected to be repeated in another. But as different individuals will view the same subject in different lights, and as one will omit, as uninteresting or frivolous, what another will insert as deserving of consideration, we are likely to find something in each which is not to be found in the rest. Amongst the remarks which Mr. Thompson made during his residence in Sicily we shall particularly attend to those which relate to men or manners, to the character of the people, or to the moral and political state of the country. If the Sicilians should be, in any degree, regenerated, or improved in their sentiments and conduct by the recent change in their government, their country is likely once more to acquire a place of distinction and influence amongst the powers of the Mediterranean. Nature has done so much for her soil, has rendered it so rich in its products and so exuberant in its fertility, that nothing is wanting but industry, science, and virtue in the natives to convert it into the abode of affluence and of happiness. Its union with this country, if that union is preserved, which we hope will be the case, will tend greatly to accelerate her progress in civilization and in the arts, which, if they add to the stock of our desires, make a proportionate addition to that of our industry; and give new attractions to the variegated tissue of social life.

Mr. Thompson has very happily expressed the benign influence of the air and climate of Sicily on the nerves of a stranger, when he says that 'it makes him feel more

inclined to love and assist his fellow creatures.' Merely to respire in such a region and under such a sky, is to possess a degree of pleasureable existence beyond what the tenants of a more inclement atmosphere can readily conceive.

Though we have a high idea of Sicilian fertility and of the productive powers of the soil, we cannot subscribe to the opinion of the author, p. 18, that if certain laws were revised or abolished, and if

'the government set the example, by giving due encouragement to industry, there is no doubt that even now this country might furnish all Europe with grain; particularly as it is a well-authenticated historical fact, that Sicily, even when it fed many more inhabitants than it does at present, was considered, notwithstanding, as the granary of the Roman empire.'

The government might encourage industry; but even industry cannot effect impossibilities. Sicily was not, as our author supposes, *the granary of the Roman empire*, though it exported large supplies of grain to the city of Rome. Notwithstanding the natural fertility of this valuable island, the condition of its inhabitants, owing to their habitual indolence, appears to have all the characteristics of wretchedness.

'It will hardly be conceived, that although in this fertile soil it is only necessary to put the grain into the ground to insure plentiful crops, yet still in most of the villages there are seldom or never to be found the necessaries of life; meat never to be found, often not bread; the worst wine (and that not in abundance), burnt peas, and sometimes *macaroni*, were the only sustenance the wretched inhabitants had to live on.

'How lamentable to see so fine an island so totally neglected! frequently for twenty miles together I have not perceived any appearance of the country being inhabited, or cultivated; and even where it is, the population is so small, and the habitations so thinly scattered, as sufficiently to prove the oppressed state of its inhabitants.'

The author gives the following account of the parties in Sicily, during his residence in that country. He divides them into four.

'The first,' says he, 'was very small in numbers, and chiefly composed of men who wished their country to be dependant on no foreign power. The second, by far the most numerous, was formed of those who wished the interference of England, to give them the blessings of a free government.

'The third consisted of persons who were desirous of seeing Sicily a province of France.

And the fourth, and last, comprised all those who have fol-

lowed the fortunes of the royal family; all those French who are attached to their interests, many of whom have great influence; and those Sicilians who approve or support the present government.'

'The second party, which I call the English, comprises three parts of the population of the country; not merely men of rank and education, who esteem us as a nation, and wish their country the same advantages that we ourselves enjoy, but nearly all the middling classes of society, who labour under the disadvantages of a government that wants energy to attend to the happiness of its subjects: in short, all those who like our laws, and would wish to enjoy the benefit of them. And here I must be particularly allowed to dwell on the good faith of our own government, and endeavour to disprove an assertion so general at home—that we are compromising the honour and integrity of our country by our conduct towards the Sicilians.

'We originally promised the royal family of Naples that we would not take possession of Sicily for ourselves, but hold it in trust for them, and that we would assist them with men and money.

'For several years we have supported an army in Sicily, at an immense expence: we have paid them four hundred thousand pounds per annum, and have honourably fulfilled every promise we made. Had we wished to take possession of Sicily, no difficulty would have arisen. I can declare, from actual observation, and the sentiments of others, that we need only to have hoisted the English standard at Messina and Malazzo; to have issued proclamations, declaring that we would give them our government and our laws, and would not interfere on points of religion, and they would have joined us on every side: nor could the Sicilian government have prevented this. The populace at Palermo were equally ready to join us, equally attached to us. And why did we not take advantage of this? Why! because we estimated public faith above public advantage: and I should hope such conduct has had the happy effect of removing all jealousy from the mind of a very exalted personage. It will be said, that we have at last interfered, and that, in fact, we are in possession of the country. This is not exactly the case: some interference, indeed, was become absolutely necessary. Public dissatisfaction at the measures of government was so great, that a revolution would, in all probability, have been the consequence of our remaining inactive; and, even when I was there, the common language was—"You are come into this country to protect us. Of what use is your protection, if we cannot derive any advantage from it? We are labouring under all the evils of a bad government: any alteration would be for the better; and we

would rather be without you, if you will not produce a change in the measures pursued." What answer can be made to this? Added to which, the late banishment of some of the princes; men deservedly popular in the country, and who, in the late parliament, asserted the rights of the people, produced such general indignation, that I am convinced, had we acted differently, from the line of conduct since adopted, the French would now have been in Sicily. And can any one say we ought to suffer this, and allow our brave army to be driven out of it, after the enormous expence we have been at in defending the island for so long a period? I am certain they cannot. It will be seen hereafter that I have a much better opinion of the royal family than many of my countrymen; but I do not conceive we could have acted otherwise than we have done. If the king, or the queen (no matter which), were misled by men whom they both conceived their friends, but who in reality were in the French interest, were we to be equally blind to our own interest as well as their's? I am certain, but for the English, the royal family would long since have been dispossessed of their dominions.

The author does not believe that the queen had any intention of delivering up Sicily to the French; but he allows that she was jealous of the English. The representation of her character in our public prints, whether true or false, may have contributed to produce that effect; and may have led her to believe that she was hated by our countrymen. This belief would naturally produce a reciprocal dislike; and this may, in some measure, account for her conduct.

The education of the higher ranks in Sicily appears to have been deplorably neglected; and this seems to have been in some measure owing to the despotic nature of the government. For what despot would wish to have his courtiers more virtuous and enlightened than himself? Despotism is jealous of knowledge and of virtue, as the worst enemies to its power, and as the most likely means of procuring its fall. Though the Sicilian nobles are represented as deficient in all useful knowledge and all solid acquirements, yet they are described as possessed of those qualifications which may, with impunity, belong even to slaves: 'It is rare to meet a Sicilian who does not play or sing.' Despotism delights in those accomplishments which tend to relax the vigour of its subjects; and to soften the manly character into a sort of feminine imbecility.

Our well-meaning author appears to consider the system of female education in Sicily as preferable to that in

use amongst the other sex. Indeed Mr. Thompson represents the education of the Sicilian women as '*excellent*,' and '*infinitely better than our own*.'—This education, however, whatever may be its excellence in other respects, does not seem well contrived to give them a knowledge of the world in which they are to live; to arm them against its temptations or its lures; to fit them for the important relations of mothers and housekeepers, or for any of the practical duties of life. Mr. Thompson speaks as follows of Sicilian female education.

'In Sicily, girls are placed at a very early age for education in convents, which differ in expence according to the rank of the person admitted, but which are all the same in principle. Here every thing that surrounds a young person is good and virtuous: she has no intercourse with the world, at least she is excluded from the vicious part of it; nor can any one have access to her excepting her own family. Her whole life is of such a nature as to make her virtuous: it is scarcely possible an improper sentiment can enter her mind.

'Early rising, and early retirement to rest, give her health and cheerfulness: the duties belonging to the Catholic religion give her habits of temperance and forbearance: her time is constantly employed, and her amusements are innocent. She is not allowed to visit her friends more than once or twice a year: and even then she must receive permission. At these times she is always with her mother; if not, with some governess, who never leaves her unguarded. She is never left alone in mixed societies, nor early introduced into them; and she is taught every accomplishment, if not to perfection, at least so as to render her an intelligent, amiable, and agreeable companion.

'I cannot imagine any thing more virtuous, more innocent, than a young woman who has been thus educated, leaving her convent to return to her friends.'

The nuptial ceremony in Sicily does not appear to be preceded by that mutual knowledge of character and that reciprocal good opinion and esteem, which are most likely to be productive of matrimonial fidelity and happiness.

'The moment a Sicilian lady is arrived at that age when she can be married, her family (if such is their intention) look out for some suitable match in rank and fortune: the parents consult, and the parties themselves are married before they have had time to become acquainted with each other.

'If both parties were equally amiable, equally virtuous, this might not be of much consequence: love and esteem, in that case, might follow after marriage; but where virtue and vice meet together, the consequence is inevitable. The pursuits of the husband are incompatible with those of the wife: he takes

no pains to gain her affections, or study her disposition: she becomes disgusted, and finding some other, of more refined manners, who treats her with kindness, delicacy, and affection, she chooses him for her lover, and thinks herself excused by the example of others, and the conduct of her husband: and I must think, if conjugal infidelity is ever capable of an excuse it is under such circumstances.'

What are we to think of marriages formed under circumstances of compulsion or disparity, which almost necessarily defeat the object for which marriage was designed?—As a proof of the respect in which the English character is held amongst the Sicilians, the author informs us, that 'at their conversations they never refuse credit to an Englishman, even when they will refuse it to a Sicilian.'

The author draws a more favourable picture of the king and queen than has been done by some other writers, though he cannot mention any positive virtue becoming a sovereign which is possessed by the king; and, though the queen has paid more attention to public affairs than her august consort, we leave it to history to describe how far that attention has had for its object the public good, or the great interests of justice and humanity. We do not blame the king for his attachment to field-sports, but for his preferring the pastime of a sportsman to the duties of a king. Every king is amenable for his conduct to a king greater than himself; and when a king spends his time in fishing or fiddling, in hunting or card-playing, he is guilty of the same breach of duty as a judge would be who should amuse himself in playing marbles or push-pin when he ought to be seriously attending to more weighty interests, affecting the lives and properties of his fellow creatures.

Mr. Thompson speaks of the queen as an 'affectionate mother, and thoroughly attached to her children;' but these maternal qualities, though of high importance and great usefulness, may belong to a washerwoman as well as to a queen; and when we consider the characters of kings and queens, the domestic virtues are not those by which the merits of sovereigns ought to be principally appreciated.

The following is Mr. Thompson's account of the hereditary prince.

'The hereditary prince, in person and appearance, is like his father, only much fatter; and in his countenance he strongly resembles his mother. He does not appear much in public, at

least he did not when I was in Sicily; but from what I saw of him, he appeared to be extremely pleasing and open in his manners.

'His wife, the hereditary princess, is a daughter of the King of Spain: she is a very charming woman; and I never saw any countenance which more strongly marked goodness of heart. I have seen some handsomer, but none which the eye felt more pleasure in looking at. Her person, without being very large, has that sort of *en bon point* which, I think, adds to female beauty. She has several children, and is a most excellent mother.'

The author describes the Sicilians as 'as fine a race of men as any in the world, not excepting my own countrymen.' Mr. Thompson proceeded from Mazzara to Palermo by sea, in a small open boat called 'a sparono.'

'We arrived,' says he, 'at Palermo, early in the morning of the second day, having thus been only two nights and one day in coming the distance of ninety miles in a small open boat, ten hours of which we were at anchor under the rocks of Trapani.'

'A great part of this distance we were obliged to row, there being hardly any breeze; but the fatigue a Sicilian sailor will bear is astonishing: they will row a whole day, with short intervals of rest, exposed to the rays of a burning sun, with large heavy oars, at each stroke of which they rise and sit down so as to give the whole strength of the body; and to support this fatigue, coarse bread, bad wine, and a little cheese, form their chief food: notwithstanding which, they are in general large muscular men, with limbs of the finest shape, and of a great size. The contour of their countenance is expressive, and their features marked: the Greek or Roman nose appeared to me most common, with fine teeth, generally dark eyes, and thick curly hair; and though their complexions were dark, it was more the effect of exposure to the sun than any thing else. I confess I had formed a very different idea of the Sicilians, conceiving that they were a small, weak race of men; but this is only so where luxury or dissipation has enervated the constitution, which is not often the case amongst the lower classes.'

We select the following details respecting the mode of living at Palermo, and the manners of the place.

'In hiring apartments, a stranger is always obliged to furnish them. When I was there, rent was very moderate to what it is in England; but I understand that since our army has garrisoned Palermo it is much dearer; and now there is hardly a house to be had at any price. Provisions of all kinds were also reasonable, and in great plenty. Meat is now not very cheap, and milk and butter are very dear: still housekeeping does not cost half so much at Palermo as it does in this country.

'Servants are also a great deal cheaper; for ten dollars a month, a stranger may hire an excellent man servant, and he will keep and clothe himself: this is equal to about thirty pounds a year English money. There is also some difference in keeping a carriage: if a person occupies his own stable it will cost about one hundred pounds per annum, as a very handsome carriage can be procured for about one hundred and sixty ounces, (one hundred pounds), and if not of the very best kind, for much less; whilst a pair of good horses may be had from eighty to one hundred ounces, about sixty or seventy pounds.

'If a carriage is hired it is very dear, almost as much as in London: they charge an ounce per day, or twenty-five ounces per month, which is equal to about one hundred and eighty per annum.

'Wine is of course cheap: the best sort costs about sixpence per bottle; liqueurs a dollar. They have no malt liquors; some kinds are said not to keep in this hot climate, but English porter retains all its goodness. I conceive therefore, by proper management, all kinds might be made so as to bear the heat.

'Fruit is in the greatest abundance; and every day the finest dessert may be procured for a mere trifle.

'The Sicilians are, I think, good cooks, at least I have sat down to excellent dinners. They are fond of good living, but are, at the same time, very temperate and moderate in their general habits,

'The manners of the Sicilians are extremely pleasing: they are open and friendly in conversation, and many of them keep open house. The ladies that mix in society are in general married, but occasionally a stranger may meet with families who break through the rule of keeping their daughters at home till that even takes place; and there is a much greater degree of liberty allowed in this respect between the two sexes than in any other part of Italy.

'They are extremely gay and animated in conversation, and few people carry gallantry further than they do, and that of the most delicate sort. There are instances of attachment which have continued seventeen or eighteen years. Conjugal infidelity is not attended with the same fatal consequences as it is in other countries: it seldom separates the husband and wife, nor does it disgrace children, as with us: whether this is a wise measure, or one which should be reprobated, I will leave to better judges to determine; but it certainly does prevent an infinite degree of misery.

'In the interior decorations of their houses some of those of the nobility are very magnificent, but, in general, the furniture would be considered bad if in England, yet an Englishman soon gets reconciled to the habit of receiving company in a bedroom; but this is by no means a general system, nor is there

any thing in it that shocks delicacy after the eye is once accustomed to it. The bedsteads are made of iron, with boards laid flat, and upon these are placed the mattresses. This is necessary on account of cleanliness, the extreme heat of the country, producing every kind of vermin in such abundance, that it is only by great attention they can be kept away: and it is for the same reason that the floors are always made of tiles or marble. The best kind of flooring is that which is waxed all over, and then painted, which forms an even surface, agreeable to the eye, and can be more easily kept clean than any other.

When our author was at Palermo, the number of Englishmen in that town did not exceed forty or fifty: but at present 'there is a garrison of several thousands.' This circumstance must have materially affected the habits of the place, and raised the prices of almost every article of consumption. We say nothing on the revolution which has been brought about in the government of Sicily. Time will best prove how far the new constitution is practically beneficial.

The author allows that the greatest crimes are committed with impunity; and that assassinations are frequent.

'Several,' says he, 'occurred whilst I was at Palermo, but chiefly amongst the lower classes. From whatever cause it arises, a Sicilian is undoubtedly revengeful: when once provoked to a certain degree, he will attempt to kill his opponent with the first thing in his way. I saw several instances of this. One day in particular, I was going to pay a visit. The street was very narrow: I perceived all the houses were shut, and people looking out of the balconies, and I had only time to put my back against a doorway, before two dragoon soldiers passed me without swords, running very fast; they had large stones in their hands, which they threw at another soldier who pursued them with a drawn sword, and who was very near cutting one of them down several times; luckily for those pursued, they got into a place of shelter at the top of the street. I did not hear the reason of the quarrel; but the consequences would certainly have been fatal if the pursuer had overtaken the others: what is most remarkable is, that the houses on these occasions are all shut, and every body gets out of the way. In England, was such a circumstance to occur, the passers-by would endeavour to separate the parties and prevent mischief; but at Palermo I have repeatedly seen similar occurrences without any one interfering.

'I was also witness one day to an instance of the strong effect of religious prejudices.

'I had been riding on the Marino, and was returning home by the Porto Felice to the Piazza de Marino. At a corner, on

the right hand, where it turns into the square, is a church, but of which I do not remember the name. Round the steps were a great crowd, and in the street a party of dragoons. I rode up, and perceived a man in a naval uniform, holding by the iron gates which led into the portico of the church. To get up to these gates it is necessary to ascend several steps. Here the man stood; no one attempted to seize him. I inquired what was the matter, and was informed that government had taken up this man; that they were carrying him in a sedan-chair to prison; that as he passed this church he contrived to dart out of the front window, and get hold of the iron railings that encircle it. This became an immediate sanctuary: no one dared to touch him: he crept round to the gates I before mentioned, and there remained.

‘In the interim a party of dragoons were sent for, but all to no purpose; and after parading before the church a short time, they left him.’ * * *

The author mentions the above as ‘a strong proof of the respect paid to religion;’ but is it not rather a stronger proof of the little respect which is paid to the laws?

ART. VII.—*An Introduction to Medical Literature, including a System of practical Nosology. Intended as a Guide to Students, and an Assistant to Practitioners. Together with detached Essays, on the Study of Physics, on Classification, on Chemical Affinities, on Animal Chemistry, on the Blood, and on the Medical Effects of Climate. By Thomas Young, M. D. F. R. and L. S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Physician to St. George's Hospital. 8vo. Underwood, 1813, 18s.*

IT is impossible to imagine a wider contrast than exists between medicine considered as it is really practised, and medicine as it is found dressed out and decorated in the writings of its professors and teachers. Cicero in his didactic treatises on oratory, labours to persuade his readers that the attainment of almost all human knowledge is necessary to excellence in his favourite art. The writers on medicine imitate, in this respect, this great master of ancient eloquence: medicine, according to them, if to practice it with success, does not demand universal knowledge, requires at least an extent of information which can be obtained only by the application of years, and talents which fall only to the lot of a chosen

few. A library which from the number of books it should contain, and the expensive nature of particular works, requires considerable funds for its formation, is deemed absolutely necessary to the learned physician. He must pass some years at our own universities, and perhaps complete his education by learning the doctrines or mastering the practice of the most distinguished foreign teachers.

But medicine as it is actually practised is the very reverse of all this. The poor, that is to say, the bulk of the people are farmed out at a price that probably does not amount to a shilling per head per annum, to a set of men who have hardly received the rudiments of a regular education. Even much of the practice among the better orders of the people is engrossed by men of the rank of tradesmen, and whose acquirements are confined to a little Latin picked up at school; whose library consists of a Dispensatory and two or three elementary books, and whose practice is the routine of an apothecary's shop. And it must be allowed that even of the best educated part of the medical profession, many have been raised to celebrity more by their polished manners, or the power of friends, than by the depth of their learning, or the proof of pre-eminent skill.

This is not the place to attempt the solution of these anomalies; though perhaps it might not be difficult to point out the circumstances which have given rise to them. It will, however, be universally allowed, that the functions of medical men are of no trifling importance, and that it is highly necessary that they should be duly instructed; and therefore the student, who is anxious to qualify himself for a conscientious discharge of his professional duties, is under no small obligation to writers who will point out to him the best works in the various branches of the science, to which he intends to devote his life. Several such guides have been from time to time presented to the aid of the medical scholar. But many of them are in a measure antiquated, many are written in Latin, and still more in the German language. The English student will certainly congratulate himself on possessing a safe director of his studies in his native tongue.

The plan of Dr. Young's work was formed many years ago, and is undoubtedly the result of much labour and very extensive reading. His own account of it is as follows:

'About twelve years ago, I had conceived and was preparing to pursue, the design of executing a detailed and general work on the actual state of the practice of physic: my plan was interrupted by the delivery and subsequent publication of a course of lectures on natural philosophy; after this, however, it was so far resumed, as became necessary for the preparation of a short course of lectures on the elements of the medical sciences, which was read, for two successive years, at the Middlesex Hospital. The classifications which are here attempted, were the result of the consideration necessarily required, in such a general discussion of the different departments of the subject.'

The first article of the collection is very properly a Preliminary Essay on the Study of Physic. The student will find in it some useful advice on the course he ought to pursue, not unmixed with some wholesome maxims of worldly prudence. If he is young and open to impressions, he will imbibe no humble notions of the dignity and utility of his future avocation. Dr. Young conceives it to be our duty not to depreciate the advantage of professional assistance; and that we ought not to omit to assign their proper value to the few steps, which the labours of ages have in reality enabled us to advance with security and with confidence. There is little hazard of men being unwilling to perform their duty, when it happens, as in the present case, so nearly to coincide with their interest. The difficulty is when these principles happen, unfortunately, to draw different ways. The real path of duty, however, obviously lies in estimating things according to their real intrinsic value. On the utility of many practices in the art of medicine, physicians are not entirely impartial umpires. Their own credit, character, and emoluments are all on one side; circumstances which are apt to bias even an upright judgment. The different and varying fashions of different ages and countries, give us ground to suspect that many opinions, which pass current as undeniable truths, do not rest upon so secure a foundation, as is imagined.

We are sorry that Dr. Young has loaded his book with some matter which seems to us extraneous, and nearly foreign to his proper object. Such we deem to be the second article of his collection. What has a medical student to do with 'Aphorisms relating to Classification,' extracted principally from the *Philosophia Botanica* of Linnæus? A student, we presume, is not going to form a new system; nor is it highly important, in the outset of

his career, that he should be a very critical judge of those which he will find formed to his hands. All surely that he wants is to have the most useful set before him, with some remarks enabling him to judge of their respective excellencies or deficiencies.

Redundancies of a like nature we have observed in passing a cursory glance through the body of the work. We find, for example, several pages filled with a catalogue of chemical substances; several more with a tabular enumeration of arteries and veins; and again, several more with a similar enumeration of the nerves. Such things are very proper in their proper place; but here we think them mere excrescencies, adding to the bulk of the volume, without giving it an iota of proportional value.

The body of Dr. Young's work, containing catalogues of writers on medicine in general, its various branches, and the sciences intimately connected with it, is from its nature incapable of analysis, and is hardly an object of criticism. To form such a catalogue, after the voluminous labours of Ploucquet, it is not necessary to possess great stores of original erudition. The German work of Rothe, on medical literature, is that of which Dr. Young acknowledges to have made the most use.

A catalogue which is extremely extensive is to the mere student as uninteresting as one that is too contracted; for among such a multiplicity of objects, how is he to select? We think that Dr. Young's catalogue errs on the side of excess rather than of deficiency. He neither does nor can pretend to have read himself very many of the works quoted. Here and there we meet with a line of praise or of censure, sometimes original; but more frequently from Rothe. As some guide to the student, works that are deemed the most necessary are marked with an asterisk. But the redundancy, we have mentioned, is not without its use; as it frequently happens that upon any given subject, it is important to possess copious references, and occasionally to consult works that are not in every body's hands.

The part of the volume on which Dr. Young must have bestowed most labour is obviously his classification of disease. Of the nosology of Cullen he speaks in terms of very little estimation. Dr. Young has made five classes, three of which have received two or three subdivisions or orders. Diseases are considered as of two kinds:

1st, as depending on the vital powers; and 2dly, mechanical affections.

If seated in the nervous and muscular system, Dr. Young classes the disease among the *paraneurismi*, or nervous diseases: if in the sanguiferous system, it is one of the *parhæmasiæ*, or sanguine diseases: diseases of the secretions are *pareccrises*, or secretory: and those of the nutritive powers *paramorphiæ*, or structural diseases. The mechanical affections are termed *ectopiæ*, displacements.

The orders are, of the *parhæmasiæ*, two: affecting the minute blood-vessels only, *phlogismi*, flushes: affecting all kinds of functions, *pyrexia*, fevers. The *pareccrises* are subdivided into three orders. 1st, the secretions being diminished; *epischeses*, retentions. 2. The secretions being increased; *apochemoses*, effusions. 3. The secretions being vitiated; *cacochymiæ*, cachexies. Of the *paramorphiæ*, there are formed two orders. The first comprehends single or nearly single changes of structure: they are denominated *paraphymata*, local changes. The second contains changes frequently repeated; which are called *epiphymata*, eruptions. The first class, *paraneurismi*, and the fifth, *ectopiæ*, are not subdivided.

It is needless for us to enter further into this distribution of diseases: those who think such attempts at arrangement of much importance or utility, will consult the work itself for the more minute ramifications of the system, the genera, the species and varieties. For our own parts we think very meanly of all these attempts at a regular classification of disorders. They may be some little help to a student in finding out what he wants in any system he may wish to consult, or in determining the synonyms used by different writers to signify the same thing. But we are satisfied that as to any real practical utility, such as will assist him in distinguishing any case which may be presented to him, or may suggest a rational mode of treatment, or finally such as may lead him to a due appreciation of danger, and thence to form just prognostics, we are satisfied, we say, that on these important points a young man may be wholly in the dark, though he has his nosological system at his finger's ends. Dr. Fordyce used to say, very justly, that certain ingenious young men knew perfectly *enteritis*, and *carditis*, and *nephritis*; but bring them to the bed-side, and it quickly appeared that they could not tell one *itis* from another *itis*.

Regarding therefore a nosological arrangement as little more than a *catalogue raisonnée* of names, more or less convenient as a help to the memory, according to the skill with which it is drawn up, we hardly think it worth while to submit its principles to the examination of rigid criticism. Otherwise, that which is before us, offers abundant room for observation. Nothing certainly can be more completely artificial than the sort of system on which it is founded. It is, in fact, any thing but a transcript from nature. It supposes that the various functions of the body are isolated and independent; that some of the most important can be diseased, whilst the remainder are unaffected; whereas, in truth, each one is so intimately connected with all the others, that it is impossible that any one should suffer alone, and without all the others partaking in its derangement. There can be no local inflammation, in the liver, for example, without the digesting organs suffering, the functions of the bowels being disturbed, the muscular strength being depressed, the sanguiferous system excited, and perhaps the sensorium deranged in the form of delirium. And we may extend these observations to almost every disease of the system. It is therefore we think utterly hopeless to attempt to define diseases by limiting their seat to a single organ; though it be often true, that the affection of a particular organ may be deemed primary, and the attendant symptoms may be secondary and sympathetic.

To the nosological arrangement of diseases is added under the title of Pharmacology, an enumeration of the instruments of medicine, that is to say, of the chemical and pharmaceutical preparations which form the basis of modern practice. The list given by Dr. Young is sufficiently abundant; and if, out of this exuberance of medicines, even a few regularly answered their professed object and intention, we hardly see what symptom of disease could remain unsubdued. The medicines are classed according to their properties, real or supposed; and in his lists are placed indiscriminately the simple articles of the *materia medica*, and the preparations of the *pharmacopœia*. We believe that in his arrangement Dr. Young has not followed closely the system of any particular writer. Some of his distinctions are perhaps more imaginary than real. Thus we have *expergeficients*, *excitants*, *calefacients*, and *sudorifics*. Certainly many of the substances which are classed under any one of these heads might with equal propriety be transferred to almost

any other of them. Thus, cinnamon, mezereum, pimento, pepper, mustard, ginger, are called *excitants*. But is not each of them also *calefacient*? And the æthereal liquors, to which nearly exclusively the term *calefacient* is applied, are they not the most powerful *excitants*? This part of Dr. Young's work is principally a copy of our Pharmacopœia, and perhaps, if it was necessary to introduce it at all, it would have been better to have followed the order of that work.

The fourth article of the collection are chemical tables. They are of three kinds. The first are tables of simple affinity, and of solubility in water at 60° F. The second are tables of miscellaneous attractions, not exhibited in water only. The third is a table of double decompositions.

Some extracts from the works of Berzelius, particularly from his View of the Progress and present State of Animal Chemistry, form a very large additional article, and which it was by no means necessary to Dr. Young's plan to introduce. The work itself has appeared in an English dress, and will no doubt come into the hands of students, much more to their advantage than by partial extracts.

The Sixth can hardly be called a medical article, though it is entitled 'Remarks on Blood and Pus.' The greater part of it is devoted to the description of an instrument of the Doctor's invention, and called *erimeter*, from its utility in measuring the fibres of wool. This same instrument may however be used to measure the globules both of pus and blood. Pus may be distinguished from mucus, by being composed of solid particles floating in a fluid, whereas mucus is of an homogeneous texture. Dr. Young says,

'It has commonly been asserted that these coloured particles (of the blood) are readily soluble in water, but this opinion appears to be completely erroneous, and to depend partly on their passing readily through a filtering paper, a circumstance indeed already observed by Berzelius (Djurk. II. p. 3.) and partly on the extraction of a great part of their colouring matter, together with which they lose much of their specific gravity, so that instead of subsiding, they are generally suspended in the fluid; their presence may, however, still be detected by a careful examination, and they seem in this state to have recovered in some measure their original form, which they had lost when first immersed in the water.'

From an examination of the globules of pus Dr. Young concludes that they are of the same size as the

globules of the blood; from which circumstance there can be little doubt that the globules found in pus are the identical globules of the blood, although probably somewhat altered by the process of suppuration.

The volume is concluded by an original essay on the medical effects of climate; to which we willingly give the praise, which we have been obliged to withhold from most of the others, of being both appropriate and useful.

We shall extract two passages from this essay, which may be serviceable to a numerous class of invalids. After presenting some thermometrical observations on the cold of the winter in different places, Dr. Young says,

'It appears from this comparison, that none of the situations here enumerated, north of Lisbon, except Penzance, has any material advantage over London, in the mildness of its winter. The best parts of Devonshire seem to be about a degree and a half warmer; Torquay however may perhaps be a little milder than this; the account which was kept at Ilfracombe, must have been taken from a thermometer, in a confined or a sunny situation. But Penzance may be fairly considered as having a temperature $4\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ higher than London in the coldest months; nor is the journal here employed the only one which allots such a superiority to the climate of this extremity of our island. It is remarkable, that the temperature of the three coldest months is the same at Paris as at Edinburgh; being in both these cities, about three degrees lower than in London. There are probably particular spots on the coast of Hampshire or Sussex, which, from their sheltered situation, must be considerably less subject to the effect of the northern and eastern winds, than most other parts of the island; and Hastings, or its neighbourhood, may perhaps be reckoned among the most eligible of these; but the further we go up the channel, the more remote we become from the mild gales of the Atlantic, while the prevalent south westerly winds, in passing over a considerable part of the continent, must have lost much of their warmth. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that both Malta and Madeira present, numerically, a mean temperature for the winter months, as favourable for an invalid as can possibly be desired.'

Equality of temperature is another great object, if not to the health, at least to the comfort of the invalid. Dr. Young has expressed the result of many documents on this subject in the following terms.

'It does not appear that Devonshire possesses any decided advantages over London with respect to equability of climate, if we judge of the climate of London from the observations made of the apartments of the Royal Society only; but in so central a situation, the changes must be rendered much less

sensible by the effect of the surrounding buildings; and they appear to be considerably greater at Gravesend, and still greater at Knightsbridge. In this respect too Penzance retains its superiority even over Devonshire. Lisbon seems to have a less variable temperature than any part of Great Britain; and in Maderia, to judge by the monthly variation only, the advantage in this respect appears to be still greater.

'The greatest possible equability of temperature seems, however, to be obtained in a sea voyage to a warm climate, in which the variation seldom amounts to half as much as in the most favourable situation on shore, even on a small island: and in pulmonary cases, the motion of a ship would probably, in general, be rather beneficial than otherwise, while the fatigue of travelling in bad roads, and the danger of sleeping in damp beds present an alternative, by no means favourable to a journey by land.'

The nature of this undertaking precludes the idea of its having proceeded from the hope of obtaining celebrity, or even emolument. We dare say that to be useful to a respectable order of young men has been the chief object of the author. We believe that he has attained this end; though we think that if he had contrived to have given a less bulky volume, he would have merited still more the thanks of those persons for whom it is principally intended.

ART. VIII. *The Liberal Critic ; or Memoirs of Henry Percy, in 3 Volumes ; conveying a correct Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the present Times. By Thomas Ashe, Esq. Author of The Spirit of the Book ; Travels in America, &c. &c. London : Crosby, 1812. price 21s.*

TO many, and particularly to those, whom we call *right-down* novel readers, the above work will perhaps appear rather defective in amusement. But those persons who read with any other view than the generality of novel readers, will on the perusal of the *Liberal Critic* find 'some room for meditation.' Nor will it altogether ill repay the trouble of perusal; for there is some information, and much spirited remark throughout the whole. The story is a minor part of the work; or rather it is made subservient to the various episodes, &c. which form the principal ingredients in the composition of these volumes.

The hero, Henry Percy, is the son of a Major Percy,

who signalized himself in the last American war. A man of small fortune, but noble birth. Having retired from the service in disgust, he marries a beautiful lady of no fortune, but of equally noble family with himself. Some years after their marriage they retire into Wales to bring up their family which is numerous, and to retrieve their embarrassed circumstances. Henry Percy, our hero, when at a proper age is admitted a member of the University of Cambridge. It seems that Major and Mrs. Percy were for some time undecided what profession to fix upon for their son; and, at length, without consulting his disposition, mental powers, or inclination, they peremptorily decide in favour of the church. They said 'we will make our son a parson.' To this hasty decision on the part of parents, our author attributes

'the first cause of the rise of fanaticism and the decline of the Protestant Church. For it is in consequence of this dangerous and hasty determination, that it often becomes the concurring opinion of a numerous congregation that, "their parson," was intended by nature and the nature of things for any other situation in life than that which he so improperly and pertinaciously fills. One 'parson,' is beheld running up the steps of the pulpit, in a manner denoting a jack-tar climbing the main-chains of a man of war. Another, when in the pulpit, imitates the manner of the British Roscius, and exhibits more disposition to inflame the passions than to correct the heart. A third, endeavours to express the honest feelings of his nature, but they do not atone to the audience for the obvious defects of a declamation which should have condemned "the parson" to the pursuits of solitude, or the labours of a merchant or mechanic. A fourth, denounces the peaceable precepts of the gospel, as he would the sanguinary dicta of the law, and the people shrink appalled from a man who should have been a minister of police, and not of a church which inculcates universal peace, and general charity amongst all men. A fifth, with elegance of person, melody of voice, and sweetness of disposition, endeavours to exert his feeble efforts to perpetuate the memory of them on the minds of his female hearers; a clerical coquette, displaying in the pulpit, not the virtues, not the divine attributes of his Saviour, but the happiest combination of his own mental and personal graces. A sixth, by a levity of disposition, an openness of character, an inoffensive irregularity, and an eloquence common to the court, manifestly expressed that the rigid stoicism of the church was not preferred by him to the gay and inviting qualities of social life. A seventh, though in other respects meriting universal esteem, treats his congregation like a regiment of soldiers, precedes them out of church with a military step,

and marches a corps to the grave with all the insensibility and gesticulation of an ordinary pioneer.'

But something too much of this.—That such clerical characters may be seen we do not doubt, but we trust that our author in this portrait has darkened the shade too deep. We must now give our readers a description of the hero of this novel, and we cannot do it better than in the author's own words. He was

'Majestic in person, of a lively understanding, and of manners gracious, affable, and sincere; he is ever cheerful, ever light; ever present to his company, never absent to himself; his voice all harmony, his words all sense. His actions answer to his mien, and what he looks he is. Discreetly daring, modest with becoming boldness, sprightly, sedate, easy without levity, solid without solemnity, good by approved principle, and wise by parts anticipating experience. His virtue not stiffened by austerity, nor his wisdom foiled by any fondness of shewing it. Never elated by prosperity, adversity cannot depress him; always serene in every vicissitude of life, not from insensibility, but from thought, resolution, and conscious worth. His unblemished conduct proves him the Christian he professes to be, and fit for the office he is intended to assume.'

Nor are these the sum total of his amiable qualities; for he possesses a thousand others: but, what may prove a greater recommendation than almost any other to the ladies, be it known, that Henry Percy had extremely fine eyes, good features, and was besides a wonderfully handsome man: in fact, a *rara avis*. If we thought that our author in speaking of the clergy indulged himself with too little reserve in his jet-black tints, we suspect that our readers will be inclined to think that, in the portrait of his hero, he has dipped his pencil in very vivid colours indeed.

After Henry Percy has taken his degree at Cambridge, he bids farewell to a college life, and enters into the church. He is appointed chaplain to a nobleman, who is about to give him a living, when his patron dies before the presentation is signed; and the living is bestowed upon another gentleman, for whom our hero officiates in the quality of curate. When Henry preaches, the rector finds that he draws a prodigious audience; but when the rector himself mounts the *rostra*, the congregation was so small that it barely justified the expression of 'when two or three are gathered together.' The rector takes in high dudgeon this partiality to his curate. The curate expostulates with the rector, who denominates him insolent; when the former throws up his curacy and departs for

London, furnished with letters to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, and other great men, who receive him with marked civility and attention. The duke makes him his domestic chaplain, and gives him the following advice.

‘Obtain all the knowledge you possibly can of those springs and powers of the human heart, which, if under due management, may be made productive of the best services to society. The great error of all our churchmen is, that they are intimate with books, and ignorant of mankind. They know nothing of the world. They pass from the cloister to the pulpit, and begin to teach at a time when they must naturally be less informed than any other class of men. I know nothing more offensive, nothing more absurd, than to see a raw youth from college make up his face to be grave in the pulpit, and then affect to instruct a congregation, every man of which must of necessity have more knowledge of nature and society than he himself, though he attempts to instruct. Do you learn before you teach,’ continued the duke; ‘that is, study men and manners; you have hitherto dwelt among the dead; how is such a youth to instruct the living? Go, be not impatient of preferment till you are better informed than from the Greek and Roman page.’

As the author proceeds he notices a variety of errors in what he calls the ‘established education of a clergyman.’ By the duke’s advice, Henry Percy visits every place of public resort which is likely to improve his knowledge of men and manners as well as his oratory; the theatre, the parliament, the courts of law. He attends such churches as were conspicuous for the eloquence of their preachers, and finally takes a peep at the conventicles. Here Mr. Ashe has evidently taken great pains to exhibit what he deems the characteristic defects of a numerous and popular sect. He gives a terrific detail of their love-feasts, as well as the rest of their favourite rites; whilst he inserts a laughable account of a *gamut* or scale for groaning, which was invented by the ingenuity of Mr. Hill; and he concludes with the horrid story of a Miss Bernard, who, having been seduced and afterwards married to one of these evangelical preachers, discloses the ‘secrets of the prison house.’ We shall not enter into a minute detail of these nocturnal meetings, called *love-feasts*; but we will just lay before our readers a specimen of the opening and conclusion of this pious ceremonial according to the description of Mr. Ashe.

‘The preachers address. Preacher.—The design of our thus remaining together, after the exclusion of the impure, is to

obey the commands of God, to confess your faults to each other, and pray one for the other that ye may be healed. To this end speak each of you as you feel inspired ; speak plainly and familiarly the true state of your hearts, with the faults of thought, word, and deed, and the temptations you have been in since your last *love-festival*. Remember too, this is the feast of the Lamb. There is now no constraint or tyranny ; there must, therefore, be no coldness or indifference. A lifeless outward compliance is here misplaced. You are to suppress no inward stirrings. At the feast of the Lamb, the *love-feast*, we are to encourage no self-denial, no mortification of bodily appetites, no annihilation of sensual passions, for the Lamb presents "the rose." There is no "sinfulness in smelling the rose." Come, my brethren, come and smell the rose of the Lamb, the rose that decorates the temple of the Holy Spirit.—Is no person in love with the rose? is no person in love with the Lamb?

The dialogue which follows is equally absurd : one of the ladies exclaims ; ' my dearest Lord when shall I enjoy and talk with thee alone, in language soft and tender, sweet, and charming, as the unreserved retirements and endearing whispers of the most passionate of lovers ? ' Another protests ' her heart is sick with love, ' and longs for kisses on her lips : at length the signal is given by one of the men who declares he sees a heavenly light, ' a light that manifests God in the middle of the feast. ' Upon which the preacher exclaims,

' Inspiration ! Divine inspiration ! he sees an angel light. Put out them candles. Let there be no false glare. He is wrapt up in the third heaven. Put out them abominable lights. Let there be none but intellectual illumination. I shall descend among you, not to close the divine entertainment ; but to enjoy the obscure glories of the heavenly report.'

Our author asserts that each meeting is a harem, ' in which the libertine minister can enjoy the most unbounded choice. The night of the *love-feast* is that in which the handkerchief can be thrown with the most decency. ' We have no inclination to prosecute this subject any farther ; and we shall next follow our hero to Ireland, to which place he embarks, after charming the congregation, of St. George's, Hanover Square by the graces of his theological oratory. We pass over the numerous observations which our author makes on the political state of Ireland at that time as well as the present. Our hero's liberal sentiments make him suspected ; he receives a hint to be silent ; but he perseveres ; and at length gets turned out of his post, which was a chaplaincy to the garrison of Dublin.

We shall now advert to that chapter, in which our author contrasts the characters of an English and an Irish wife, and very justly compliments our fair matrons on the advantageous light in which they appear as good wives, attentive mothers, and neat housekeepers. The following is his representation of the Irish ladies; but we regret that our limits will not permit us first to extract the English lover's visit to the lovely Litterinda's tea-table—where, if you ask for a tea-spoon, there is a quarrel between the servants to know what is called for; if you want sugar you are certain of the milk pot, with the comfort of a dirty room, and confusion on all sides. But Litterinda has been

'too genteely bred to be able to give any direction towards the vulgar arrangement of domestic affairs, and too indolently brought up even to exercise the common industry of mending her own raiment. Carelessly sluttish, she could form no idea of English neatness, and would sooner coax the holes of her stockings into her shoes, than sit down half an hour to repair them.

* * But the shade of frailty which Henry had to condemn and to reprobate the most, was the astonishing rapidity with which an Irish lady degenerates when married to an Englishman of too much principle and sensibility to "whip her about the house," and compel her to attend to the economy of domestic affairs. An old fellow-student of Henry's, a poor curate in fact, married a Dublin lady of this description. He could do no other than invite Henry to breakfast: and yet his invitation was so faint that Henry might have esteemed it equivocal, had he not a high opinion of the integrity and worth of his friend. On his first visit he discovered, what the curate would willingly have concealed. The house was a mere charnel-house. The servant too busy in helping the mistress to litter the rooms ever to be clean herself: neither was it fit she should disgrace her mistress by being less dirty than what she was. The dirty disorder of the room Henry was introduced into, offended him less than the appearance of the family poisoned him. It is true, he was forced to stand for some time, every chair in the place being taken up with some greasy heap; one with foul plates; another with the lady's stays; and the rest with miscellaneous dirt, which he had neither talent nor disposition to understand. At length, however, he was helped to a chair; and a dish of insipid coffee from a silver tea-tray placed on a large table near his old friend, and jumbled together with a mangled bone of beef, a woman's dirty night-cap, a comb-brush, an old stocking, &c. The conversation he was entertained with, was of a piece with the persons who held it. It was an argument between the lady and her husband, who would fain have persuaded her, that a clean breakfast-cloth a week, could not prejudice her health or her

income. But with all her meekness, she had been put out of temper, if "mamma's own daughter," had not taken up the argument, and insisted that the trouble was needless, when the dirty did just as well as the clean. It must be thought Henry could not be fond of staying during such disorderly jokes of a house: accordingly he took his leave of his poor friend, who pressed his hand with a sentiment that said, "Alas, Percy, you take leave never, I fear, to return here again." Henry did not return again, and the good curate followed his example not long after: he died in about two months, and was sent to rot in a decent tomb, after having lived many years buried in a disorderly sink of sluttishness. However, Henry was informed, that in a little space after this happy event, *that* this lady had put her children in a terrible fright, by turning cleanly at last. They were under dreadful apprehensions of her marrying again; and not without some reason, for she washed her hands and face twice a-week since her husband's death, had the dining-room swept out, and had shifted herself no less than three times in one fortnight.

Such is our author's captivating description of an Irish wife; and some have said that the picture is not overcharged, as the domestic economy of some right honourable ladies will evince. English women will find a more ready market in Dublin than they do in the East Indies; for an Irishman prefers an English wife who will make him a cleanly and comfortable home to one of his own countrywomen: however prodigal nature may have been in her gifts to the latter, or whatever may be the personal fascination they possess. The following is an Irishman's calculation.

'If I marry a woman of beauty and fortune at home, I shall have to keep a carriage to send her abroad to be stared at; I shall have to see her hands every hour the prey of whoever thinks fit to seize them, to hear the charms of her wit displayed to every ear, and those of her bosom to every eye; to see her every day dressed for plays and assemblies, attract admirers, and listen to the pert adulation of every coxcomb that thinks fit to approach her; while I, to maintain her in this prodigal vanity, distress my tenants, rob my tradesmen, and allow my children to languish in neglect, and my house to be a disgrace to my family. Whereas, had I married an Englishwoman, without a groat, my fortune would daily increase, my children would improve in knowledge and virtue, and my house improve in comfort and taste. There is not a secret of domestic management unknown to such a woman. She can metamorphose a leg of mutton to a haunch of venison, make a lark transmigrate to an ortolan, and transform hog's-flesh into Westphalia ham. She is perfectly acquainted with the mystery of making butter and cheese; jellies, conserves, sweetmeats, cordials, and what not.

Gardening she is quite learned in, and at the needle she is perfect mistress. She is even a good accomptant too, and instead of sinking my property, and embarrassing my affairs, she would restore them to order; and above all, would never set her foot into a carriage, if it caused a single tradesman to go unpaid from my door.'

After our hero quits Ireland, he repairs to Bristol, to which place his father and family had removed; and here the reader will find some curious particulars in the picture which the author has sketched of the conduct of the Bristol gentlemen to their ladies, and of their treatment of the clergy who are compelled to reside amongst them. A man who is so unfortunate as to be only a curate, is stigmatized by the opprobrious title of *parish bird* and *bellwether*. The history of the Millwood family is introduced, and exhibits a specimen of profligacy which is well contrasted with the character and history of Cleora, in which much instruction is contained. From Bristol our hero goes to Bath, where he at length meets with the lady with whom he has been in love from the beginning of the book. The character of Clara Williams is extremely well portrayed; and forms a most suitable companion to our hero. On his marriage, he

'renounced his profession and abandoned the pulpit, as, I believe, every honest man would do, who had the means of independence, and the conscience to revolt at the thirty-nine articles, the Athanasian creed, and the impudence of absolving the sins of criminals.'

In the slight and hasty sketch we have given, we have passed over all the love-business, as well as the intrigues of the Duke of Bellona: the machinations of his Grace against the beautiful wife of his friend; with the duel between him and Colonel Richmond; which cannot fail to bring to the reader's remembrance a story very like, and a duel exactly similar, not a hundred years ago; which, at the time, made a great noise in high life. Numerous are the remarks upon religion and politics in these volumes; some of which are well worthy of attention. The following is the description which our author gives of a person called the *Satirist*, who enters the pump-room at Bath.

'His curiosity was excited to an extraordinary degree, by the appearance of a person of uncommon ferocity of countenance and extraordinary elevation of stature. His face was a satire on the image of our Maker; and his height, which exceeded seven feet, appeared to have been conferred upon him for the distinct purpose of making him serve as a scarecrow, whose ex-

ample was to be shunned, and whose acquaintance was ruinous and fatal. "It is not good *manners*, Sir," said Henry, on the appearance of this monster, "to importune you with so many questions, but I cannot resist asking you who that person is, whose inequality of height and felony of aspect, makes him so atrociously conspicuous." "*Manners* be damned!" exclaimed the old gentleman, a little piqued at Henry's ceremony; "in spite of fastidious *manners* I will inform you, that that is the London *Satirist*, a meteor in the constellation of vices, and a man infamous to a degree beyond the conception of the most depraved nature, or the most atrocious heart. * * * I did not know that he had the audacity to appear in public, for in London he is compelled to live in a den in the Bird-cage Walk——"

Upon the whole we have been agreeably entertained by the perusal of the above work.

ART. IX.—*The impending Ruin of the British Empire; its Cause and Remedy considered.* By Hector Campbell. London: Wilson, 1818. 3s. 6d.

ONE of the best tests of a nation's prosperity or decline, is the increase or decrease of pauperism. Compared with this, the custom-house books, and the value of our exports and imports, furnish a very fallacious criterion of the growing wealth or approaching decay of any state. It is not impossible for a nation, owing to a bad and impolitic system of domestic government, to carry on a very extensive and indeed increasing commerce, and to have the external appearance of great wealth and happiness in its ports and harbours, its towns and cities, whilst a large mass of its population is sinking into the gulph of indigence and misery. Indeed the two extremes of prosperity and misfortune, affluence and beggary, glaring splendor and squalid wretchedness, often meet in the same period and in the same country.

Since the commencement of the present revolutionary war in 1793, Great Britain has been, apparently, proceeding with rapid strides in the career of prosperity and wealth. Her ships have covered the ocean; and her ports been filled with the products of all parts of the world. But, has all this parade of wealth and prosperity been accompanied with any thing like a proportionate real increase in the stock of national happiness? Or has it been only like the flush of ebriety in the countenance, or the hectic glow in the cheek, the indication of disease rather than of health, and of languor and debility rather than of strength and animation? During all this period in which the exports and imports of the nation have risen to such

a magnitude as to mock the sober presage of former calculation, and while the custom-house books, which are the Bible of the financier, and, in his opinion, of much more weight and credibility, have hardly been sufficiently capacious to register the accumulating millions of the national wealth, has not PAUPERISM been rapidly progressive amongst us? Have not our poor-houses been filled with a more than double number of miserable inmates? Have not the pale and emaciated figures of want and woe become more common amongst us? Are they not dispersed in greater numbers over the country? Are they not seen at every turn on the coast and in the interior, in our cities and towns?

This increase of pauperism and wretchedness is not a fanciful delineation, not an aggregate made up of exaggerated details. It is a palpable reality; and open to the testimony of sense. The progressive increase of the parochial rates for the relief of the poor, furnishes demonstrative proof of the increase of pauperism and dependance amongst us; and consequently of misery; and probably of vice. For vice and misery are often only two names for the same thing; for if vice engenders misery, misery at least as often engenders vice.

The increase of pauperism in this country must be principally owing to the increased difficulties of procuring the means of subsistence. And, paradoxical as the assertion may seem, we believe it to be true that these difficulties have been partly occasioned by the increase of the national wealth; we mean of that wealth which is to be found in the custom-house books, and in the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When the crusade against the maniacal Jacobinism of France first commenced, the quartern loaf was at 7½d.; and, since that period, it has been more than three times, and is at present more than twice, that sum. The augmented price may have been occasionally caused by unproductive seasons; but the continually operative and permanently efficient cause is the enormous increase of taxation and the unlimited issue of a factitious currency.

Every new tax has a tendency to increase the mass of pauperism; for whilst it makes a certain definite addition to the unproductive class of society, it renders the labours of the productive class of less avail to themselves, and consequently, when rightly considered, of less benefit to the community. The more we add to the mass of taxation the more we multiply the drones in the hive of society till they become too numerous for the labours of the in-

dustrious part to maintain, without such a defalcation from their own means of subsistence as depresses them below the level of independence, and reduces them to the order of mendicants. Thus a system of continually increasing taxation like that in this country may be considered as a war perpetually waged against the fortunes of individuals; which gradually sinks, one after the other, those into the gulph of dependence and distress who were a little above the level of indigence, whilst it rolls down to that level those who were placed rather farther within the confines of wealth. All the middle ranks gradually disappear; and the poor, who once maintained themselves in comfort by their industry, finding the wages of labour not keeping pace with the advanced price of the necessaries of life, have no other resource but to add their names to the order of legalized mendicants, and to become burthensome to the rest of the community. But this system of continually increasing pauperism must have an end; or it will make an end of every thing else. It is an evil accompanied with ruinous powers of exhaustion; and, if it goes on increasing in the next ten years, as it has during the last, it will become greater than all the industry of this country can supply. In the year 1803, the number of paupers amounted to 1,039,716, or about a tenth part of the population; and in 1812, they may be estimated at 2,079,432, or about one-fifth part of the population. If this be the ratio of increase in the last ten years, is it likely to be less in the next ten? And if it be not less, how can the pressure of so much distress be alleviated or borne by the remaining wealth and industry of the country? Or, if this gigantic evil in the shape of increasing pauperism be not sufficient to impress us with a right sense of the danger which threatens our beloved country, all persons of fixed incomes or only funded property, will probably be startled by the fact, that the pound sterling which, in 1792 would purchase 34 quartern loaves, would procure only 24 in 1803, and not more than 12 in 1812.—If some means be not devised to check this depreciation in the currency the time must ere long come when the proprietor of stock to the amount of thousands will not be able to procure a loaf of bread.

Mr. Campbell, the author of the pamphlet, which has given birth to the above reflections in our minds, appears to be awfully sensible of the portentous national calamities which are threatened by the increasing pauperism of the country, and has endeavoured at once to probe the cause and to prescribe the remedy. His work is dedicat-

ed to the Duke of Kent; and it gives us great pleasure to find his royal highness and others of the royal family willing to lend an attentive ear to the discussion of the immediate interests of the lowest class of the community; and to enrol themselves in the holy list of practical philanthropists.

We believe that few will refuse to assent to the following propositions of our author.

'First, that the applications for parochial relief are invariably regulated by the price of bread;

'Secondly, that, in the lowest state of its price, there are persons whose incomes are so limited, that the smallest advance on a loaf deprives them of the means of purchasing it; and

'Thirdly, that, as the price of bread increases, all those who are so circumstanced, are unavoidably reduced to a dependence on parochial relief, without the least chance of being again restored to their former situations.

'The first of these propositions cannot be disputed, because the fact is universally known to all who have served the office of overseer to the poor. The second besides being deducible from the first, is in its very nature self-evident; and the third is equally apparent, because no fall can ever take place in the price of bread, that will enable paupers to recover the different articles of furniture with which they were obliged to part, before they could gain admittance into the workhouse.'

At p. 11, Mr. Campbell inserts the following table, as 'exhibiting at one view the depreciated value of our currency; the disproportion between the advance made in the price of labour and the fall which has taken place in the value of money; with its consequent progressive pauperism from the Revolution in 1688 to the year 1812.'

Years.	Price of Bread.	Value of the pound in quartern loaves.	Average money wages of husbandry labour	Bread wages in quartern loaves.	Poor Rates.	Number of Paupers.
1687	3d.	80	6s.	24	£ 665,362	563,964
1776	6½	37	8	15	1,523,163	695,177
1785	6	40	8	16	1,943,649	818,851
1792	7	34	9	15	2,645,520	955,326
1803	10	24	10	12	4,113,164	1,039,716
1811	12	20	12	12	5,922,954	1,247,659
1812	20	12	15	9	16,452,656	2,079,432

It is more easy to detect an evil than to discover the remedy. It may require little discernment to do the one, even where it may baffle the most enlightened sagacity to perform the other. The increased and increasing mass of pauperism in this country is not a chimerical supposition,

but a visible and tangible reality. Here the evil is plain; but what is the cure is very problematical. Mr. Campbell argues that the evil is, in the first place, owing to the reduction in the corn-pay of labour. This reduction has not been proportionably alleviated by any increase in its money price. A day-labourer earned more quartern loaves when he worked for a shilling a day than he does now when he is paid twice, or more than twice, that sum. The reduction in the corn-pay of labour, or in the quantity of bread, which, owing to the depreciation of the circulating medium, any particular species of industry will procure at present, compared with what it would have done a few years ago, will be evident from the following table which was transmitted to the author, 'by a very intelligent and respectable master tailor,' in order to show the moderation of the journeymen's demands for an increase of wages grounded on the loss which they had sustained by the depreciation of the currency.

Years.	Price of Bread.	Money wages per week.	Its value in quartern loaves	Weekly loss in loaves.	The advancement required to prevent loss.	Weekly gain in loaves.	Weekly gain on money.	Value of thirtysix quartern loaves.
1777	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d	21s. 9d.	36s.	—	—	—	—	21s. 9d.
1794	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 9	21 $\frac{15}{16}$	14 $\frac{31}{32}$	15s.	—	—	36 9
1795	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	25	24 $\frac{25}{48}$	11 $\frac{25}{48}$	11 9	—	—	36 9
1796	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	25	35 $\frac{5}{12}$	—	11 6	—	—	25 6
1797	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	25	31 $\frac{11}{12}$	4 $\frac{3}{12}$	3 6	—	—	28 6
1798	8	25	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1s.	24
1799	13	25	23 $\frac{1}{12}$	12 $\frac{12}{12}$	14	—	—	39
1800	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	25	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{6}{7}$	27 6	—	—	52 6
1801	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	27	18 $\frac{9}{32}$	17 $\frac{7}{32}$	25 6	—	—	52 6
1802	10	27	32 $\frac{1}{10}$	3 $\frac{6}{10}$	3	—	—	30
1803	9 $\frac{3}{4}$	27	33 $\frac{9}{32}$	2 $\frac{29}{32}$	2 3	—	—	29 3
1804	9 $\frac{3}{4}$	27	33 $\frac{9}{32}$	2 $\frac{29}{32}$	2 3	—	—	29 3
1805	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	27	24 $\frac{37}{59}$	14 $\frac{2}{59}$	17 3	—	—	44 3
1806	12	27	27	9	9	—	—	36
1807	11 $\frac{3}{4}$	30	30 $\frac{30}{47}$	5 $\frac{17}{47}$	5 3	—	—	35 3
1808	12 $\frac{1}{4}$	30	29 $\frac{19}{49}$	6 $\frac{30}{49}$	6 9	—	—	36 9
1809	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	30	24 $\frac{24}{29}$	11 $\frac{5}{29}$	13 6	—	—	43 6
1810	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	33	25 $\frac{50}{61}$	10 $\frac{11}{61}$	12 9	—	—	45 9
1811	15	33	26 $\frac{2}{5}$	9 $\frac{2}{5}$	12	—	—	45
1812	17 $\frac{3}{4}$	33	22 $\frac{22}{71}$	13 $\frac{49}{71}$	20 3	—	—	53 3
1813	18 $\frac{1}{4}$	36	23 $\frac{13}{37}$	12 $\frac{24}{37}$	19 6	—	—	55 6

' N. B. No advance having taken place in the price of bread from 1777 to 1793, a period of 18 years, no increase was made in the pay of the journeymen.—From 1777 to the end of 1801, the price of bread is taken from the Town Clerk's office, Guildhall, London, at the commencement of each mayoralty. Since then, it is taken from a yearly average of the weekly assize; and, in taking it as the fairest measure of value of their labour, they have not only the authority of the best writers on political œconomy, but the evidence of reason and plain sense in their favour.'

The author's grand remedy in order to counteract the alarming increase of pauperism, is 'TO MAKE CORN, INSTEAD OF MONEY, THE STANDARD OF VALUE OF LAND AND LABOUR: AND PROVIDE AGRICULTURAL EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL THOSE TO WHOM TRADE, MECHANISM, COMMERCE, OR WAR, CAN NO LONGER FURNISH THE MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE.' It would certainly be easy and might, on many accounts, be desirable to have a corn-price for labour, and a corn-rent for land. But it would not be so easy to 'provide agricultural employment for all those to whom trade, mechanism, commerce, or war, can no longer furnish the means of subsistence'. But we must refer to the author's pamphlet for his ideas upon the subject.

Mr. Campbell is a writer who appears to feel forcibly, and he often expresses himself with force. But he sometimes suffers his indignant feelings to carry him beyond the line of moderation. He occasionally indulges in coarse and unwarrantable invective. We have no doubt but that Mr. Campbell, however choleric, is animated by philanthropic sentiments; but we could wish that those sentiments were less tinged with political animosity.

ART. X.—*A second Letter to the Rev. Herbert Marsh, D. D. F. R. S. Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge; confirming the Opinion that the vital Principle of the Reformation has been lately conceded by him to the Church of Rome. By the Rev. Peter Gandolphy, Priest of the Catholic Church.* London: Keating, 1813. 3s.

IN this letter to the Margaret Professor of divinity Mr. Gandolphy has shown that he can manage the weapons of controversy with a dexterous hand. The Mar-

garet Professor of divinity, whatever may be his other qualifications, is certainly not deficient in dexterity of a similar kind; but we think that, on the present occasion, he must be contented to yield the palm to the skill and subtlety of his Catholic antagonist, and to retire discomfited from the field. In this controversial letter to the Margaret Professor of divinity, Mr. Gandolphy has displayed much good humour and pleasantry, blended with more cogency of argument than we often find on such occasions in the writings of a Catholic divine. The work indeed is very creditable to his talents; and he appears to us to have thrust the Margaret Professor into a corner, where he looks so pitifully that we really cannot help compassionating his situation; and hope that it will not be attended with any unpleasant personal consequences.

It is a principle of the holy Roman Catholic church that the Bible alone is inadequate as a rule of faith without the aid of a little Tradition to help it out. The Margaret Professor, if not in so many words, at least in the whole scope of his reasoning, makes the Bible an incompetent guide in the way of orthodoxy without the amicable sign-post of the Book of Common Prayer to point to the right interpretation. The worthy Catholic, the reverend Peter Gandolphy, argues for the necessity of the light of Tradition, streaming through the assembled heads of the doctors of the church, to prevent the student of the Scriptures from plunging into any pit of error, or stumbling upon any rock of heresy; whilst the Margaret Professor of divinity in the university of Cambridge contends that he, who reads the Bible, should read it with the spectacles of the established liturgy upon his nose. The Catholic is taught to see his way through the biblical labyrinth by the light of the doctors of the church; but the Margaret Professor of divinity asserts that the direct route is to be found only by holding fast to the clue which is furnished in the tissue of pious formularies, which are twisted together in the service of the national sanctuary. Tradition is the sort of armour which the Catholic puts on in order to render himself invulnerable against the shafts of heresy; whilst the Margaret professor of divinity thinks that he has found a more commodious method of preserving the orthodoxy of his pupils by the *abracadra* of a book bound in morocco with gilt leaves.

Both the Rev. Dr. Marsh, the Margaret Professor, and

the Rev. Peter Gandolphy, the Catholic priest, think, that the Bible, as a rule of faith, requires some external aid. In this respect, or so far as the Margaret Professor of divinity thinks that the Bible, as a rule of faith, wants any external light or any foreign assistance, whether it be that of a book of prayers, or a book of homilies, he coincides in the *Catholic principle*, whatever opposition he may express, or animosity he may feel, to persons of the Catholic persuasion. Whether the Margaret Professor encumber the Bible with the thirty-nine articles of the establishment, or with the decrees of the council of Trent, it is equally a deviation from a Protestant to a Catholic principle. For the true principle of protestantism is that the Bible, as the inspired word of God, wants no human auxiliary, as a rule of faith, but the reason of the individual. The Margaret Professor of divinity therefore making the Prayer-book an indispensable concomitant with the Bible, or a *human* composition a necessary corrective to a *Divine*, has so far abandoned the basis of a Protestant church, and done homage to a *principle* of the church of Rome. A Protestant, as far as he deserves that name, will stoutly maintain the Bible to be the only rule of faith; and the moment he abandons this strong hold, and has recourse to authority of any kind in the way of orthodoxy, he becomes a *Catholic in principle*, whatever he may be in name.

Mr. Gandolphy has in the present letter incontestably demonstrated that the Margaret Professor of divinity, by his zeal to prevent the Bible from contaminating the orthodoxy of the public mind by the preservative powers of the Book of Common Prayer, has acted on a Catholic principle; and has accordingly very justly and very handsomely congratulated the professor on the flattering compliment which he has paid to a communion to which he professes no extraordinary good will. We will now furnish a few specimens of the manner in which the Rev. Peter Gandolphy has brought both his raillery and his argument to bear upon the Rev. Dr. Marsh, Margaret professor of divinity in the university of Cambridge, till, as we have said above, he has forced the professor into a corner, where he at present appears in a rather sorrowful plight.

The Margaret Professor seems not to have been very well pleased that Mr. Gandolphy in his first letter should suppose him to be approximating to the Catholic principle of TRADITION.

'To this conclusion, however,' says Mr. Gandolphy, addressing the professor, 'you now say, you had no intention of proceeding—but, Sir, as you well know, principles will carry us along with them in spite of ourselves; and a good logician sees no alternative than to renounce the principle, or follow it through its long train of consequences. You must therefore, either admit that the "*poor of the Establishment*" do not require the *Common Prayer Book*, to keep them in the religion of their fathers, and secure them against "the delusions of false interpretation," whilst they have the Bible, or acknowledge that *another* evidence, another authority or *clue* is necessary, and that is, what is styled in the Catholic church TRADITION; the WORD, unwritten in the Scriptures. Else whence do you make a distinction of orders in the hierarchy of your church? Else how do you justify the practice of baptizing infants who have no actual faith? Else how do you dispense with the obligation of *washing one another's feet*? Else why do you keep holy the first day of the week instead of the Sabbath day? Else why do you ever venture to eat blood or strangled meats? Else how do you justify in a minister of Christ, the possession of *gold and silver*, and rich livings? Else how do you justify the tendering and taking of oaths? In all these points the Bible is either against your practice or silent. Have you then presumed to add to the text, or have you admitted Tradition, as "*a CLUE to lead the members of the Establishment in safety?*"'

The professor had complained of Mr. Gandolphy for representing him as stating that 'true religion cannot be found by the Bible *alone*.' But Mr. G. contends, and with great force and truth, that though the words 'true religion cannot be found by the Bible alone', are not the precise words of the professor, they are nevertheless a legitimate and necessary inference from his reasoning and his principles.

'You are not unacquainted,' says Mr. Gandolphy, 'with the universal principle in logic, *quæ sunt eadem uni tertio, sunt eadem inter se*: and therefore I did conceive, that I had ascribed to you no more than yourself had contended for, in different words only; and I cannot therefore believe, that I have imposed upon my readers, nay I still maintain it to be your principle that, "true religion cannot be found by the Bible *alone*." For you affirm that the religion of the Church of England is the most correct system,—the correct system of religion, (Inquiry, page 11. Sermon page 33.) the true system of religion, (page 4.) but that those who have the Bible *alone*, cannot find it, (Inquiry, pages 4. 8. 11. 27.) therefore this *most correct*, this *correct*, this *true* system cannot be found by the Bible *alone*—therefore, "TRUE RELIGION CANNOT BE

FOUND BY THE BIBLE ALONE." Indeed if the religion of the Church of England be *true*, and if you believe that it can be found by the Bible *alone*, I cannot conceive what is the real object of your writings on this subject: you speak throughout of the necessity of accompanying the Bible with the Prayer Book,—you speak of the Bible *alone* leading to abstract or generalized Protestantism (note p. 21.)—in short, if expressions are sentiments, and if a true syllogistic conclusion is always *identifiable* with the premises, I still conceive that I did not deviate from the truth, when I affirmed that a Margaret Professor was contending for this principle, that "true religion cannot be found by the Bible *alone*." For you even acknowledge in the plainest language, that men may therein seek in vain for the essentials of Christianity;—"that even in the essentials of Christianity very different conclusions have been drawn from the BIBLE, and by men of whom it would be very unjust to say that they had not studied it *devoutly*."

'You declare, that in your belief the *true* religion and the *established* religion of this country are the same. Now you contend that the established religion cannot be found by the Bible *alone*. The conclusion therefore is, if ever conclusion was fully evident, that TRUE RELIGION CANNOT BE FOUND BY THE BIBLE ALONE.

'However, although I complimented you, in my first Letter, on the manly manner in which you had surrendered this vital principle of Protestantism, I observe that you are still wavering between the right and the wrong—still hesitating before you finally renounce the untenable principle of your church. You seem to have clothed yourself in Catholic armour, unconscious of the banners under which you were fighting. But let us take courage in consistency, and our cause will never fail to triumph—having thrown away your own arms, as it is a Catholic weapon that you have seized, it is from a Catholic you should learn how to manage it.'

Our author then adduces as applicable to the state of the controversy between him and the professor, the following anecdote of a clergyman of the established church who was proceeding to gratify himself with a sight of the *lions* at Paris,

'In the society of an English Catholic priest, and another countryman of ours, who happened to be a dissenting minister. As they visited the different churches, and paid a particular attention to all the forms and ceremonies of the national religion, freely expressing their opinions upon every point, the Church of England clergyman was perpetually engaged in supporting either the arguments of the Catholic priest, or those of the dissenting minister. When the propriety of a liturgy—ritual observances, or ecclesiastical institutions, and the sinful

a frosty morning, after a fall of snow, is the best executed.
This we extract.

' In mist the morning rose ; but soon disclos'd
O'er all the earth a spreading waste of white,
Whose purity no vagrant footstep stain'd,
Save of the early hind, whose faithful care
The safety of the herd or flock required ;
Save of the hare, whom nightly hunger call'd
To try with treacherous feet her wonted feed.
Close to the hedge the cattle crept, and mute,
Expectant stood : while from their nostrils broad
Steam'd visible and slow, the lingering breath.
The moss-clad cottage and the leafless tree,
Which glossy ivy clasp'd were hung with tufts
Of snow ; while in an undistinguish'd glare,
The hollow dale, the wide-spread lawn were lost.
Lost too the mazy brook, and every pool,
The lately busy mill all silent stood,
While o'er the palsied wheel the stream enchain'd,
Fantastically frost-worked, length'ning hung.'

We have a feeble attempt at a description of a traveller lost in the snow ; but the doctor at last very wisely and charitably conducts him to a cottage and a ' cheerful crackling blaze.' In the month of March the doctor sings the ' Passion of the Groves ;' and, like Thomson, enumerates the various instincts of each bird in constructing its nest, from the eagle down to the tom-tit. We scarcely recollect any part of the Seasons, in which Thomson has been more happy than in his exquisite delineations on this subject ; and no part of his work is more calculated to delight. Our readers will doubtless call to mind his beautiful description of the time of incubation. The following is Dr. Bidlake's ; which will be found *as like as like can be*.

' The arduous time of incubation comes :
Intent, the feather'd tribe the tedious task
Begin. Each secret nook, each silent shade
Of mazy grove, of tangled bush, or copse,
So seldom trod, is rendered sacred now
To brooding patience and maternal care :
The male the while, perched on some neighbouring
branch
Pours soothing strains upon the attentive ear
Of the poor bird, who sits the live-long day
Unmoved by hunger, scarce entic'd to pick,
In absence short, a scant and hasty meal.'

It will be needless to transcribe the same picture from Thomson, beginning

'As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,' * * *

It is too well known and admired not to be preferred to Dr. Bidlake's mutilated transcript. Numerous are similar imitations, which the reader will detect as he proceeds;—for instance, Partridges in the Stubble—Cattle standing in the water during the sultry hour, and lashing off the flies with their tails—the Hare, &c. &c. Indeed there are scarcely any picturesque minutiae in Thomson which the author of the *Year* has not dressed up again; but independently of this, which, we must own has given us but little satisfaction, there are parts in Dr. Bidlake's poem which are far more gratifying. The scenery around Plymouth appears to be accurately pourtrayed. The following is a description of Mount Edgcombe.

'Where Tamar ocean joins with wedded waves
Mount Edgcombe lifts his tree-clad rocks on high;
There groves on groves ascend, of every hue
And every growth; the gloomy pine, the oak,
The melancholy cypress, and the fir,
And all whose ever living verdure scorns
E'en winter's darkest frown. Sweet interchange!
Deep shade, and sunny lawn where fallow deer
With spotted sides disport: now browse, in herds,
The fragrant turf, now rustling through the glade,
Climb the high summit. What a glorious scene!
See ocean's blue expanse! how lightly glide
Yon barks! how proudly on the subject waves
Britannia's navy rides, that wait the call
To future triumphs! See! what rocky shores!
What castled cliffs arise! what towns and docks!
What rural sights, with rivers sparkling clear,
While mountains in the distance blend with sky!'

The following lines, in which the respectable author deploras his privation of sight, cannot fail to excite sympathy and interest.

'Full of celestial fire, the rapt eye looks
Unutterable things; the sun of thought;
Disclosing all the radiance of the mind,
The herald of mute passion, whose quick glance
Outstrips the slower course of words, and tells
The movements of the soul, with eloquence
Beyond all rhetoric! say, ah! say, how sweet
Its silent language, ye, who rapturous read
The smile benignant of consenting love,

Ere yet the hesitating tongue performs
 Its task ! * * * * *
 Thou comprehensive organ, wisely formed
 To drink the splendour of the glorious sun ;
 Thou wondrous orb ! most skilfully contrived
 That thy dark chambers may receive within
 In vivid traces, all created forms.
 The silver moon, and the night's spangled arch
 To me now lost !—to me no more the morn
 Displays her dewy brilliance, or mild eve
 Glows with her parting lustre in the west !—
 Nature to me is blank ! and darkness veils
 My wonted joys, and saddens every bliss !
 O Lampen ! faithful pupil, truest friend,
 Thou saw'st my deep affliction, and did'st feel,
 And whisper'd kind condolence to my grief ;
 More sweet than Philomela's dulcet song,
 To the quick apprehensive ear of night,
 When glades serene rejoice with summer moons,
 And nectarine lips of honey-suckles, breathe
 Diffusive fragrance o'er the tranquil scene ;
 Thy praise all Isis echoed from her banks,
 That saw thy more than filial gratitude
 Sustain my failing steps, in deep distress,
 And gently sooth my sad, benighted mind.'

The chief merit of this poem will be found to consist in that part in which Doctor Bidlake speaks of flowers and plants, in which he displays a cultivated taste and botanical knowledge. As we are fond of that study we perused these descriptions of the Dr. with much satisfaction. The author of *The Year* is a warm advocate for early rising ; and gives very good advice to our fair countrywomen on this subject. He advises them to

' Lift the early latch, or try betimes
 The garden's walk delicious, where the bean
 Gives forth its fragrant treasures ; or the rose
 Glistening in purple dews, with lilies vies ;
 While all Arabia breathes the stilly air.
 Ah ! lost to every finer sense are they,
 And O ! what nameless beauties lost to them,
 Who in oblivion's slumber waste the prime
 Of balmy day, and all the prime of age ;
 Pure, lively spirits ne'er are their's, but sloth,
 And heavy loathing of a listless life.
 Strength ever flies the morn's protracted sleep,
 Then learn to prize the first best gift of heaven ;
 For he who lingers on the wasteful couch,

Destroys the firmness of the nerves, and courts
The slow encroach of treacherous fell disease.

* * * * *

And you ye Fair ! who prize the native charms,
That beauty, partial to Britannia's isle,
Partial on you bestows, slight not the gift.
Ah ! slumber not within the close-drawn shade
Of curtain'd sloth ! where all the loaded air
Teems with unwholesome breath and vapour foul,
Wake with the morn, and give your rival eyes
To catch its rays. Come tread the upland, warm
With roseate tints. Then in your cheeks shall glow
The delicate suffusion of pure love.
Else art must ill supply her faithless aid,
Ah ! how unrivalled nature's charms ! unlike
Mad dissipation's meretricious trick,
When at the noon-tide hour, and fashion-spoiled,
The faded beauty wakes ; and in her glass
Beholds the pallid cheek, the lifeless eye ;
In vain she courts that lustre lost ; in vain
Cosmetics lend destructive help ; or rouge
With glaring falsehood gives a transient glaze.'

Our fair friends will act wisely by improving upon this hint of the good doctor ; it is an excellent piece of advice ; and they cannot do better than to put it in practice as soon as may be. Early rising will soon enable them to dispense with their rouge boxes and their Olympian dew, with the whole train of milk of roses, royal beautifiers, &c. &c.

Our various extracts have given our readers a specimen of the above poem, which we could have wished had not been so close a copy of the Seasons. Had Dr. Bidlake written in rhyme, his plagiarisms would not have appeared so flagrant ; and might have admitted of a little extenuation.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 12.—*A Father's Letters to his Children: in which the Holiness, Justice, and Mercy of God are shewn to have ever existed upon the same Foundation of Wisdom, Truth, and Love; and the Messiah the only Saviour of Gentiles, Jews, and Christians, from the beginning of the World. By a Country Gentleman. London: Hatchard, 1813.*

THIS country gentleman, who signs himself *Biblicus*, has been at great pains to render orthodoxy hereditary in his fa-

mily, at least during the next generation. The letters are twenty-four in number, and all full of what is commonly thought the true *orthodox faith*. Those who admire this sort of doctrine will find an ample supply of it in the present duodecimo. Our author seems to intimate, though he does not directly assert, p. 28—31, that the offering of Abel was more acceptable than that of Cain, because the offering of Abel was accompanied with 'the shedding of blood,' whilst that of Cain, who was a tiller of the ground, consisted of the fruits of the earth. But the preference which was given to the offering of Abel above that of Cain, was not because, as the author says, '*he thus acknowledged the justice of his condemnation by the shedding of blood, and his faith in a Saviour by the substitution of a lamb,*' but because it was made with a more grateful heart, and indicated a more pure and benevolent state of mind. But the sacrifice of Cain was performed whilst sensations of envy and of malice were rankling in his breast. It was not the sacrifice of Abel, abstractedly considered, which was preferred to that of Cain. It was the mind and heart of the one to which the Father of spirits showed more favour than to the mind and heart of the other. What this well-meaning writer and others of his way of thinking, say about types and typical institutions, is more visionary than rational; and can only serve to bewilder the mind without promoting the great ends of practical piety.

Art. 13.—*A Sermon preached at the Meeting-house, Salter's Hall, Cannon-Street, on the 8th of August, 1813, on the Death of the Rev. Hugh Worthington, in the Fortieth Year of his Ministry in that place. With Explanatory Notes. By James Lindsay, D. D. London: Johnson, 1813.*

IT seems that some offence was taken and some dissatisfaction expressed at particular parts of the sermon which Dr. Lindsay preached on the decease of Mr. Worthington. He was thought to have noticed a defect which did not exist, and to have been rather too parsimonious in his praise. Though, therefore, this sermon was a hasty production, the learned author was in some measure compelled to publish it in his own defence. The passage in the sermon, by which most displeasure appears to have been excited, was the following:

'With respect to his devotional services, it has been observed, that his manner in prayer had too much of a familiar air; possessed too little of that solemn dignity, that measured reserve, that awful reverence, which should accompany our addresses to the majesty on high. As I am not to speak the language of un-mixed panegyric, but that of truth and sincerity, I have no hesitation in admitting, that in my judgment there is justice in the remark.'

We are not qualified to judge whether this defect did actually

belong to the devotional services of Mr. Worthington; but, if it did, we do not blame Dr. Lindsay for making it the subject of his animadversion. A colloquial familiarity of expression is never more out of place than in our addresses to the Deity. Dr. Lindsay gives due commendation to Mr. Worthington's manner of preaching.

Whatever of excellence there might be, and there was certainly much, in the matter and design, it cannot be denied that the style and manner of the preacher gave them an advantage which they would not have had in other hands. In that style and that manner there was a striking peculiarity, a nameless something, which rendered listlessness very difficult, even to those who were most carelessly inclined. Other preachers we may have known endowed by nature with minds of a higher order,—exhibiting in their public exercises a wider range of thought, with more varied and brilliant powers of fancy and of illustration; a method of reasoning more close and more consecutive; an eloquence altogether more lofty, more commanding;—but in the enviable talent of communicating with effect that knowledge, which edifieth without puffing up; of arresting and rewarding attention to plain and practical remarks upon scripture, upon morals, upon life; in giving vivacity, and in consequence interest, to the maxims of wisdom, to the lessons of piety and virtue:—in this enviable talent your minister was almost, if not altogether unrivalled.

ART. 14.—*A Thanksgiving Sermon, preached August the 1st, 1813, at the New Meeting-house, in Birmingham, on occasion of the Act exempting the Impugners of the Doctrine of the Trinity from certain Disabilities and Penalties. By John Kentish. London: Johnson, 1813.*

WE cordially assent to the remark of Mr. Kentish in the first sentence of this discourse, that the noblest victories are those obtained over ignorance and sin, intolerance and error. The measure which Mr. Smith was able to carry successfully through the House in 1813, was attempted in vain by Mr. Fox in 1792. This evinces a considerable change for the better in the spirit of the times, and in the sentiments respecting religious liberty in both Houses of Parliament, and particularly on the Episcopal Bench. This change is certainly a fit cause of thankfulness; and Mr. Kentish has done well so to consider it. If we ought to be more thankful for one thing than another, it is for the increase of the benevolent principle amongst mankind. This principle tends to the production of individual and of universal good; and the present unwillingness which there is in the world, and particularly in this country, to persecute men for their religious opinions, is only one of the modifications of this heavenly sentiment.

We do not agree with those who think that the repeal of the

act which we consider as indicating a better and more liberal spirit of thinking amongst us was not necessary because it was not acted upon. Its existence was a disgrace to the statute book; and we therefore venture to assert in opposition to a certain writer, that those who procured its erasure, have done what was honourable to themselves, gratifying to the persons for whose relief it was designed, and altogether serviceable to the country.

POLITICS.

ART. 15.—*A Letter on the Conduct and Situation of Denmark, from a Dane to an Englishman, written the 30th of May, 1813.* London: Richardson, 1813, 8vo.

SINCE the wars which in mournful succession, have sprung up in Europe out of the calamitous vortex of the French revolution, Denmark has been placed in the most embarrassing situation. Too weak to rank amongst any but the secondary powers, she has been obliged to temporize rather than to act a decided part in the mighty struggle which has agitated all the people, and shook most of the thrones in Europe. The councils of Denmark, however, were conducted by so much caution and wisdom, that, till a late period of the revolutionary war, the sovereign, notwithstanding the din of battle on his frontiers, was enabled to preserve to his people the blessing of peace, and to save them from the calamities which are inseparable from war, whatever may be the policy on which it is founded, or the causes by which it is provoked. The Danish sovereign, though of a martial turn, has uniformly repressed his military propensities for the good of his people.

‘Our present king,’ says the ‘author of this pamphlet, in which there is much good sense,’ loves his subjects like a father, and, for their sake, he avoids war to the last extremity. On the 2d of April, 1801, in the night of that battle, he visited himself the outposts, and discovered, by the glimmering of the moon, on the sea-shore, the bodies of a number of those who were slain; and, overwhelmed by the feelings of humanity, he exclaimed, in the presence of those who attended him—“Thank God that their blood comes not on me, and may God leave me these feelings to the last hour of my life!” It is on maxims like these that the king has acted ever since!”

The sudden, and we must continue to think, unjust attack on Denmark in 1807, threw that country into the arms of France. Before that period, though Denmark might reflect with some degree of mortification on the impetuous attack of Nelson in 1801, still her sentiments and her interests remained almost entirely English. The destruction of her capital and the seizure of her fleet in 1807, alienated her affections entirely from this country; though it could not essentially alter her in-

terests, rightly considered, for they have, and must have, from physical and moral causes, a more direct and natural inclination to England than to France. The real and permanent interests of Sweden will, at some future period, inevitably force her into a renewal of her ancient union with France, whatever may be her immediate views or her present disposition; but the alliance between France and Denmark is quite an anomaly in politics, and can be but of fugitive continuance.

The author remarks that though to the mighty host which Bonaparte last year led beyond the Vistula, Prussia, Austria, Saxony, Bavaria, and Wirtemberg, contributed their more or less numerous levies, Denmark did not send a single soldier to swell the train of the destroyer, or to violate the Russian soil. Denmark indeed in her political relations, since the era of the French revolution, has been more sinned against than sinning. In the midst of a war of the greatest extent and the most unmitigated ferocity, when the most furious passions blazed amongst all the belligerents, and when every principle of political equity and moderation was universally despised, Denmark preserved her neutrality with unshaken constancy, till she was forced to relinquish it by the unprovoked attack on her capital and her fleet in 1807.

'We are blamed,' says the Danish author, 'for having sent sailors to Flushing. They were on board of four ships of the line, which the Emperor of France had entrusted to their spirit of revenge; but they hoisted Danish colours, and were commanded by Danish officers. Can this be censured still? That when England took our armed ships in time of peace, that we, in time of war with her, employed our sailors in a manner as would best answer our purpose of revenge? When we offered our hand of peace to England, his Danish Majesty gave a proof of his sincerity, by requesting our sailors to return, and the emperor did return them, and they were on Danish territory, when a peace might have been concluded. But, when our minister arrived, Lord Castlereagh returned him unopened the letter of peace, and informed him that Holstein would be occupied by Swedish troops! and wished that Count Bernstorff might soon return, to give no umbrage to the Crown Prince of Sweden; because Norway was guaranteed to Sweden at Abo; and though great changes and many reasons had since occurred to alter this gift, yet England confirmed it so late as the month of March.'

We must most of us remember the admirable speech which Mr. Fox made in 1806 on the transfer of Hanover to Prussia against the will of the Hanoverians themselves, as well as that of the English government. That speech made a great impression at the time on those who heard it in the house as well as on those by whom it was read in the newspapers. Now it

appears to us that the sentiments of abhorrence which Mr. Fox expressed against that unprincipled cession, are applicable to the late agreement of England to transfer Norway to Sweden in direct opposition to the wishes of the Norwegians, and in violation of the rights of the Danish crown. The author of this pamphlet quotes the following sentence from the speech of Mr. Fox which we have just mentioned.

“Change one field for another, change cattle for cattle, but don't barter your people, or you will remove the corner stone of the commonwealth, and the mutual affections of the subjects.”

The allegation of Sweden, that the possession of Norway would render her dominions more compact, is a pretext which if it were generally acted upon, would soon leave nothing like right, or security of possession amongst the nations of Europe. Whatever any nation coveted she would not long want similar geometrical reasons to enforce. When a spiral line was wanting, a strait would be deemed sufficient; and when a circle could not be established, a triangle would serve the turn. But let us not suffer the moral rules of right or wrong to be sacrificed to considerations of geometrical expediency.

We are of opinion that, even if morality did not oppose the violent annexation of Norway to Sweden, England ought not to consent to that annexation merely from considerations of policy. For as every statesman, who looks not merely to the present but the future, must regard a return to the relations of amity between France and Sweden as highly probable, is it politic to put into the hands of France a power of making a descent on Scotland from the coast of Norway? The friendship, which has so long subsisted between France and Sweden, may experience a temporary interruption, but must ultimately return to its ancient footing. For water does not more certainly find its level than the alliances of states are sooner or later determined by their interests. Russia must continue to be the object of jealousy and of apprehension to Sweden as France is to this country; but, where can Sweden seek for an ally against Russia but in France? Surely some portion of prospective wisdom ought to enter into the cabinets of princes, and be mixed up with the constitution of politicians. Yet how seldom do we find any of this divine quality either in kings or their ministers? The present exigency is every thing in their eyes; and the future is as nothing compared with the immediate gratification.—Though individuals are short-lived and perishing, nations are more permanent bodies; and it seems therefore the height of folly as well as of wickedness in statesmen to let considerations of present expediency blind their eyes to the greatest future good; and to suffer the pursuit of some momentary advantage to prove the bane of their poste-

rity. There always is, and there always must be, something of the prophetic character in the mind of a statesman of the first rank. There was much of this rare ingredient in the first Lord Chatham and in the late Charles Fox.

'Delius inspirat vates, aperitque futura.'

ART. 16.—*The Pamphleteer: respectfully dedicated to both Houses of Parliament. No.'s I. II. III.* London: Gale, 1813, 6s. 6d. each.

THIS work is designed to exhibit a collection of the best pamphlets on various subjects, political, literary, and scientific. To those pamphlets, which are continually vanishing into oblivion, not so much from their want of intellectual merit as of solid bulk, it will afford a more durable existence and a more permanent form. When new matter is wanting, it appears to be the intention of the proprietors to give a new birth to the fugitive productions of past times, which have become scarce, but have still claims to attention from the curious or interesting matter which they contain. Pamphlets exhibit a good deal of the temper and spirit of the times, but not so much as they did before newspapers were so numerous, so widely circulated, and so generally read as in the present period. That kind of discussion which formerly found its way into pamphlets, now usually makes its appearance in the columns of a newspaper. We had intended to notice some of the new matter which has already appeared in this work; but are at present prevented by want of room.

POETRY.

ART. 17.—*Poems, by Miss Prescott.* London: Longman, 1812, price 2s. 6d.

VARIOUS are the subjects on which Miss Prescott exercises her poetic genius.—Death, Hope and Charity, the Moon, the Rose and a Grave-digger, the Old Maid, and the Rights of Women, are among the number. The following lines, from her invocation to the Moon, will serve as a little specimen of Miss Prescott's fund of sense, and powers of versification.

TO THE MOON.

'Bright orb! thou mak'st ee'n this world please,
As o'er this peaceful wave,
And through these *unoffending trees*,
Thou beam'st on sorrow's slave.'

This is the first time in our lives in which we ever heard that trees had the power of *offending*. Miss Prescott's trees, however, are unoffending trees; and we congratulate her on keeping them in such good order and such decorous manners and behaviour. We earnestly hope that they will continue to be good

and unoffending. Miss Prescott has verified the old adage, that 'We are never too old to learn,' and we give her our thanks for her recent discovery respecting the volition of the hedge-row, the grove, and the forest.

ART 18.—*Wooburn Abbey Georgics; or, the last Gathering. A Poem, in Four Cantos. Canto I. and II.* London: Chapple, 1813, 8vo.

WE would advise every gentleman who attends the Wooburn sheep-shearing and cattle-show to attempt to read this poem before he goes to bed; and then we will assure him that, whatever lively and anti-soporific ideas may have been whirling in his brain during the day, they will be completely expelled by the genius of dullness, or oppressed under a material of much greater specific gravity than lead.

ART. 19.—*The Battles of Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and the Pyrenees. With other Poems. By Richard Pearson, Jun.* London: Cowie, 1813, 12mo.

IT has been said that the age of poetry is past; and we should be almost tempted to think this from observing that the great exploits of Lord Wellington are sung only by minor poets. Mr. R. Pearson, Jun. deserves more praise for that strength of his patriotism, than the spirit or beauty of his verse. The following are his lines on the battle of Salamanca.

' Say, furious GAUL, could not thy hand refrain
When Science pleaded for her peaceful fane?
Could not the silent grove, and solemn spire,
Command respect, nor yet thy soul inspire?
Alas! from thee not even Learning's seat
Can hope for safety, or indulgence meet.
But SALAMANCA's day shall teach her foes,
That profanation not unpunish'd goes;
For, on the dreadful banks of 'TORMES' wave,
Full many were assign'd a condign grave.

Hail! SALAMANCA, hail thy blood-stain'd plains;
Whilst Men'ry is, or hoary Time remains,
So long thy name shall live; thy sacred name,
The dread of tyrants, and the Briton's fame.
'Tis there I hear BRITANNIA's thunder roar,
And add to honours that she won before:
The prancing charger listens to the sound,
Champs the strong bit, and proudly treads the ground.
There brave LE MARCHANT heads his valiant train,
And steeps with hostile blood th' ensanguin'd plain;
Tries every nerve the doubtful cause to save,
Or, with its downfal, to ensure a grave.

The despots tremble as the chief draws near,
And conquer'd GALLIA sinks beneath his spear.

Cease! Triumph, cease! and, Vict'ry, droop thy head,
For thy LE MARCHANT numbers with the dead.
In all the wishes of his country blest,
His honour'd head now seeks a glorious rest:
His envied soul, dislodg'd from mould'ring clay,
To realms immortal shapes its halcyon way.

Here aching Pity drops the gen'rous tear,
And wrongly thinks his blissful fate severe.

On earth—in ALBION—thy eterniz'd name
Shall stand exalted on the rolls of fame;
Succeeding ages shall, with rapture, tell
Their rising children how LE MARCHANT fell.
Enjoin'd by thee to bear no base control,
Thy doom shall fix this precept on the soul;
When trampled freedom and their country call,
Britons resolve to vanquish, or to fall.

Nor yet shall Fame, amaz'd, forget to state,
How nobly BOWLES submitted to his fate;
And, as she tells, inflam'd with gen'rous pride,
Each breast shall burn to die the death he died.

And thou! on whom the hopes of ENGLAND rest,
Receive the transports of a grateful breast;
For prudence fam'd, and plans that cheat the foe,
Success in arms to WELLINGTON we owe;
Foremost in battle, and in council wise,
Thou art the spring from whence our glories rise:
Thro' the long annals of revolving time,
Transcendant chief! renown'd in every clime,
Thy splendid feats shall dart their glitt'ring rays,
Scare usurpation, and the world amaze.'

NOVELS.

ART. 20.—*Liberality and Prejudice, a Tale.* By Eliza. A. Core.
3 Vols. London: Crosby, 1813. Price 18s.

THE above novel is published by subscription, and, as we suppose the authoress is not in the most enviable circumstances, our *liberality* will not suffer us to *prejudice* the public against a work by which she may hope to relieve her distresses or add to her enjoyments. We therefore forbear all comment either on the tale or the execution.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 21.—*Treatise on English Prosody.* By Richard Edwards, B. A.
To be had of the Author, No. 9, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury,
price 1s. 4d. 1813.

ART. 22.—*Specimens of English accented Verse; wherein the Intensity of Pronunciation solely is measured, and the Length of the Syllable is unnoticed.* By Richard Edwards, B. A. To be had of the Author, No. 9, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, price 1s. 4d. 1813.

ART. 23.—*Specimens of English non-accentuated Verse, or Verse measured; with a regard had solely to the Length of Time required in the Pronunciation of Syllables; the Accent and Emphasis being entirely unnoticed.* By Richard Edwards, B. A. To be had of the Author, No. 9, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, price 2s. 1813.

WE have given the titles of these three productions, but we have not found it so easy to comprehend the contents. They are indeed of such a nature as entirely to elude the grasp of our homely understandings. We know not what the author means; but his meaning nevertheless may be very recondite and profound. Two specimens will suffice to show the impenetrable stuff which seems to be lodged in the writer's brain. The following is the first sentence in what is denominated 'Treatise on English Prosody.' 'This subject must be naturally brief; for as there were no poems in verse in the English language before those which I have recently written, no rules of English prosody were needed.' There is not a greater vacuum of sense in the following than in other parts of these notable performances.

*** So imperfect is the idea of verse in this country, that even the Latin verses are not read as verse: no, not even by those who have themselves composed them. Who would read,

"Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi,"
as a verse? There may be here and there an individual who would; but, perhaps none but myself. The sight of my English verse and my remarks upon them might perhaps open the eyes of Latinists upon the subject, so that henceforth even such a difficult line as,

"Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris,"
could be read so as to be still an hexameter; but in mentioning the prevailing ignorance on this head, I mean that it prevailed till the day next before the day of the date of these presents.

These treatises are not unworthy the perusal of Mr. Haslam and others who are curious in scrutinizing the organization of the brain.

ART. 24.—*The Good Aunt; including the Story of Signior Aldersonini and his Son.* By Harriet Ventum, Author of *Charles Leeson*, &c. &c. &c. London: Chapple, 1813, price 3s. 6d.

THIS is a very good aunt indeed! and if our youth had the advantage of such sensible relations as Mrs. Althorpe proved to

her nieces, the Miss Howards, we should not have so many superficial or so many pettish and capricious young women as we frequently meet with in the world. Mrs. Althorpe, the good aunt, finding her nieces under the care of a Mademoiselle Tourville, discovers that the system of education which that lady pursues is such as totally to exclude all attention to the regulation of the passions and the culture of benevolence in the mind and heart. She finds that pride, envy, uncharitableness, and ill-humour predominate in the young ladies; the eldest of whom is represented as having entered her fifteenth year. As a set-off for these ill qualities, she found they could speak French pretty well, play a lesson on the piano-forte, and sketch a landscape. She therefore takes them from their French governess and carries them with her to her country seat; where by her wise and excellent management and instruction she makes them valuable and accomplished women. The plan which the good aunt pursues with her untoward and idle nieces cannot fail of succeeding. She appropriates certain portions of their time during the day to certain employments and studies; and by judiciously combined tenderness and reproof, when reproof was necessary, she convinced the young ladies that "idleness is the root of all evil." The stories, which are interspersed for the instruction of the Miss Howards, are extremely interesting, and told with the most winning simplicity. We have very rarely met with a work of this kind which has pleased us so much; and it so admirably blends the useful with the agreeable, and is altogether so sensible and pleasing a performance as to effect great honour on its authoress, Miss Harriet Ventum.

ART. 25.—*Æsculapian Secrets revealed; or friendly Hints and Admonitions addressed to Gentlemen of the Medical Profession, and the Public in general: containing Maxims of indispensable consequence; which if attended to, will effectually conduct the Practitioner, by the most simple and unerring Method, to the highest Pinnacle of Fame, Honour, and Independence. By Peter Mac Flogg'em, Esq. M. D. F. R. S. L. L. D. and A. S. S. Fellow and Honorary Associate of all the Medical Societies in London, &c. &c.* London, Chapple, 1813. 12mo. 6s.

FROM the days of Æsculapius to the present, medical men seem to have been thought *fair game* for wits and wittlings, satirists and buffoons. In the present performance there is not a superabundance either of vivacity of remark or brilliancy of wit. We do not know whether the author meant to make us laugh, but if he did, though we may thank him for the intention, we cannot compliment him on its accomplishment. The following is a little specimen of the advice given in this work to the medical student.

'It has been very erroneously supposed, and ignorantly as-

serted by many persons, that the attainments of a physician, like other objects of human pursuit, can only be acquired by industry, superadded to a natural good understanding; and also as a very natural and forcible conclusion '*that a man who is stupid and ignorant in other matters, can never be a good physician;*' because the same impediments which prevent him from becoming a proficient in other branches of science, must of necessity incapacitate him for comprehending the just principles of the *practice of physic*. This, however, you may rest assured, is deducing an inference from *false* premises; nor is any thing more strikingly evident of its fallacy, than the peculiar facility of successfully combating and opposing so preposterous and ridiculous a position. That impudence, vanity, self-importance, and ignorance, will frequently supersede modesty, and gentlemanly behaviour, with a competent judgment in the profession, is so very evident, that it would appear superfluous in me to attempt elucidating by reason or argument; you have only to take a review of the world, and daily observe the vast multitudes of *fools and dolts* who are prescribing *themselves* into opulence, and their patients to the *devil*; and this accounts in some measure for that dearth of intellect, which you will so commonly find among the *medical fraternity*. Learning and ability, when weighed in the medical balance against ignorance and impudence will seldom require you to kick the beam, but will commonly preponderate in a surprising manner; and carry on the *empiric* to those situations, where a man of diffidence and enlightened understanding would be almost intimidated to *shew his nose*.'

'You must never feel the least reluctance, when *self-interest* is at stake, to prostitute your talents, or barter your honour, (*if ever you possessed either,*) in flattering and sanctioning the depraved and pampered vices of any *fashionable* or *noble patron*; and be ever prepared to lend yourself to his whim and caprice. To so wealthy or *noble* a personage as *this*, let no sarcastic sneer, or busy officiousness of a *slandering* world ever deter *you* from falling in with his personal or political antipathies, and at every hazard of *reputation*, manifest no disinclination in being active to undertake and complete any *dirty work* he may wish to *honor you* with; that is, if *he* requests it, you will pimp, intrigue, whore, get drunk, and seduce and allure every virtuous woman you meet with; and *then* consign them to the embraces of your *noble* and high spirited patron and debauchee.

'Should your *noble* protector belong to the number of the *faithful*, and be the absolute *pillar* and corner-stone of one or more of our *modern gospel shops*; you can easily metamorphose yourself into a knight of the *sorrowful* countenance, and become as great a hypocrite, or determined a bigot as himself; and by the help of an *exterior* garb of *sanctity*, you may even deceive the *very elect themselves*, that so you may put to silence the vain

babblings of infidels and scoffers, and with greater *plausibility*, cheat, lie, deceive, get drunk, and find a more ready passport to the beds of the *female saints*. If, on the other hand, he be destitute of the *true religion* above described, a mere brute : or a disciple of *Epicurus*, contending that the *sole* purpose of man's creation, was to feed and gratify every *beastly* passion and propensity ; to *you* the task of obedience is equally familiar ; you can in this case laugh *religion* out of countenance, cry down and despise every moral and social tie which attaches mankind to each other ; and from the most *rigid puritan*, the veriest enthusiast, be transformed into the *vilest monster* which *earth* or *hell* ever saw ; still not *altogether* unmindful that a fictitious and delusive softness of manners, the melting gentleness of the *eye*, and mellifluous accents of the *tongue*, if not badly managed, and *properly disguised*, will very frequently turn to a decent account ; yet some experience on *this* subject will be absolutely required to render it as *lucrative* and effectual as the amiable *Sir Felix Facinate*.'

There are some who have the infirmity to mistake the acrimony of malevolence for the power of ridicule. We leave it to the self-examination of Dr. Mac Flogg'em to determine whether this be his case.

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ERRATUM IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

Page 305, Line 6, for 'source of elasticity,' read force of elasticity.